

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton.
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It is hardly right to consider this a novel. There is a species of composition, of which the work before us is a specimen, which ranks, both in its design and general character, among the most powerful instruments of moral instruction;—a species of composition, which embodies the experiences of life in the forms and framework of imagination, whose only fiction is in its colouring, and whose generalities of character and description are abstracted from the passions and tendencies of every human heart. We are ever ready to lament, that, in works of this class, there is often much to blame, scenes and characters presented under false lights, sentiments and opinions defended which admit of no apology; but they are in this, as in the tale they tell, a representation of human life, a strange medley of good and bad, which we have to scrutinize by the light of truth, and not turn from as if our lots were cast on a different stage of probation. It is, however, but seldom that we meet with a work so answerable to our ideas of such compositions as the one on our table. For the most part, their aim is either too high or too low. The older novelists, with Fielding and Smollett at the head of one class, and Richardson at that of another, were powerful and accurate in their delineations; but they only copied the broad outlines of nature, the filling up was ludicrous, or affected, caricature. In both instances, a picture of life was drawn which might be contemplated in the one without any rising of the spirit, and in the other without any glowing of the heart. The reality was too gross to edify; the heroism too little human to affect. The same charge may be brought against much the greater proportion of our modern writers. They have taken a different ground, and confined themselves almost universally to the higher orders of society; but here every thing is either outre or insipid, and where fashion has not smoothed down every variety of feeling, we are startled with the volcano-fires of ambition, or some other demon of the heart. But it appears to us, that such a representation may be given of human character and life, which, without departing from nature, shall serve to move, and, at the same time, elevate the heart; a representation which, being neither confined to the one nor the other walk of life, takes the universal laws of our nature for its text, and shows their operations on the fleshly hearts, the ever-waking sympathies and passions of mankind. In such a work as this, it is not some ruling

principle of our constitution that is illustrated, or mere isolated series of events that claim our interest, but the inner man himself, and the shade and sunshine of our common destiny. Executed, therefore, as the work before us is on these principles, we have read it with no common gratification. Its characters are drawn from life, and are neither masqued nor stilted. The events it records are such as bring out men's hearts, and we are led on, from beginning to end, with the interest with which we mingle in the real concerns of life. It is, in a word, an outline-lecture on philosophy, filled up with the real events of an adventurous life.

We shall now endeavour to give our readers some idea of its plan. Cyril Thornton, the hero of the work, is also its professed author, and the occurrences of his youth and manhood, furnish the delightful materials of its pages. One fearful accident gave the impetus to his eventful course, and this was his being the accidental cause of his elder brother's death. We pass over the relation of this occurrence for the affecting account of its consequences on himself, and the different effect which it had on the several members of the family, all of which is exquisitely imagined:—

‘ My recovery was slow, and spring was fast verging into summer, before my returning strength enabled me to exchange the atmosphere of a sick chamber for the pure air of Heaven. Those only who, like me, have lain for months on a sick-bed, and who, like me, have recovered at the moment when all nature seems simultaneously bursting into new life and activity, and wears her most beautiful and joyous aspect, can understand the feelings of delight which I experienced on my release from captivity. Then indeed there seemed

‘ “ A glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower,”
and the symphony of angel choirs could not have fallen more melodiously on my ear, than did the carolling of the birds in the greenwood. The minutest objects of nature rose in my eyes into consequence and beauty. To me, in all her works, she was instinct with voice, and with them all I held sweet communing.

‘ “ The daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's beauty,”

had all deep hold on my affection; and when, as the summer advanced, I saw them wither, I felt for them as friends of my bosom, and almost wept for their decay.

‘ As I walked forth, my mother and sister, with anxious assiduity, supported my tottering steps, and guided them to the favourite haunts of my childhood. Little Lucy, too, would take my hand with infantine caresses, and lead me

to her little flower-garden, to see the cowslips and anemones, and the nest which the green linnet had built in her favourite rosebush. But I better loved to wander forth alone, amid the singing of birds and the blossoming of flowers, to yield up my spirit to the pervading impulses around me, and in the lonely communion of my own thoughts, to add another voice to the general unison of nature. For I felt that “ impulses of deeper birth” came to me in solitude, and I loved to gather

“ The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.”

‘ My strength now rapidly returned, and I was soon able to mount my favourite horse, and thus to render my exercise more varied and continuous. But my mind by no means regained its healthful tone with equal rapidity. The bow had been so strongly bent as to injure its elasticity, and it could not speedily return to its natural curvature. The exhilarating influence, too, of external nature gradually diminished as the objects became more familiar to my eye, and a mental torpor was gradually stealing over my faculties. The memory of Charles was too strongly connected with the scene around me. Every thing was associated with his image; animate and inanimate nature were alike full of him. His idea would not pass away, and though my grief now was neither passionate nor vehement, it was becoming what was perhaps still worse, a deep and rooted sentiment, acting with permanent influence on my character.

‘ It would have been well if the fatal consequences of my disobedience had been confined wholly to myself. But it was not so. In the shrunken form, the ashy cheek, and hollow eye of my mother, there might be read a dreadful tale of grief and suffering. Nor was it the less apparent that she strove to conceal it from every eye. She wished not to cloud the hearts of those she loved, by making them partakers in her sorrow. She smiled, but her smiles, though kind and benignant as ever, were no longer those of gladness. She ministered comfort to others, while it was but too visible that the canker-worm was gnawing at her own heart.

‘ Jane's grief, too, was intense. But how transient is the cloud of sorrow on a youthful brow!

‘ “ The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer wind comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.”
And so was it with my sisters. The blow that at first stunned them with its violence, left on their young and buoyant hearts no permanent marks, and in a few weeks a tender and softened memory was all they retained of their lost brother.

‘ With my father it was different. Like a stroke of God's lightning had the blow descended on his head, and the consequences were at first terrible. He rolled in the dust—he grieved, and would not be comforted.

Dreadful and agonizing were the pangs he suffered, till at length he lay exhausted by the intensity of his anguish, "And showed no signs of life, save his limbs quivering."

Then, in the bitterness of a wounded spirit, he uttered curses on the author of his bereavement. Oh, how witheringly did they fall on my mother's heart! She knew that till then her cup of misery had not mantled to the brim. She knelt at his feet, and implored, vainly implored, him to recall the dreadful words. Then she told him, what as yet he knew not, of my danger, of my madness. In the agony of her despair she brought him to my bed. My father heard there the sounds of suffering and delirium that burst from me, and he gazed on my fiery eyeballs and baggard countenance. Then only it was that he recalled the dreadful curse he had invoked, and with a penitent and softened heart bedewed my temples with his tears.

"Yet I believe he never perfectly forgave me. On my recover, his manner towards me was kind, and unmarked by any of that austerity to which I had been accustomed. He studiously avoided any recollection which might disturb that mental tranquillity so essential to the complete restoration of my health. Still there was ever about him something of coldness and constraint, that told me I could never more be the object of his love. I knew and felt this. My mother, with affectionate earnestness, endeavoured to combat this growing dislike, and to turn the current of his affection into its natural channel. Never surely was there a warmer or more impassioned advocate. She directed his view to all that was good and praiseworthy in my character, and enlarged on those qualities and talents which appeared to her partial eyes to give large promise of future distinction. But in vain. There was a barrier that could not be surmounted, and the place which Charles had filled in my father's heart was destined to remain for ever in abeyance."

Our hero is subsequently sent to the university of Glasgow, and we would willingly linger with him during his stay at that place, but must hasten to the parting scene between him and his uncle. We confess it is in such passages as the foregoing and the one we are going to extract, that we have most sensibly felt the powerful ability of the author:—

"Weel, Cyril," said he, "since ye will be a sodger, and are fool enough to gang to be shot at for twa or three shillings a-day, when ye might stay at hame and do far better, it's needless for me to try and reason you out o' what I see ye've set your heart on. But gang where ye like, ye'll ha'e the prayeis o' an auld man for the blessing o' Providence on your head. May God's mercy be a fence and a buckler to you in the day of battle, and his grace ever guide you and protect you in the perilous course of life on which you are about to enter."

Here the old man was silent, the expression of his face was stern and unmoved as ever, but my own heart sympathetically told me of all that was working in his. Tears gushed from my eyes as I rose to bid him adieu. I endeavoured,—but I could not speak. He grasped my hand in his, with a strong and yet somewhat tremulous pressure. For a minute there was silence, but the old man became gradually calmer, and thus spoke:—"Farewell, Cyril, farewell; it's like that on this side o' the grave we may never meet again. Yet I might live to hear o' your well-doing, and that will be to

me the best and maist joyfu' tidings I can hear in this world. Gang,—but mind while I live, gin ye want a friend to help you in time of need, ye ha'e yin in your auld uncle that will no forsake you in your trouble. Gang,—and an auld man's blessing be on your head, and his prayers shall follow for your happiness and prosperity, wherever it may please God that your lot may be cast." As he spoke, he laid his hand solemnly on my head, then embracing me, he turned suddenly from me. I rushed, much moved, from the apartment, and in a moment found myself—in the arms of Girzy. Before I succeeded in extricating myself from this unpleasant predicament, I had undergone the penalty of several kind kisses, while I felt her arms clasping my neck with such a gripe, as that with which a vulture seizes a lamb. "Just promise to come back again," said the worthy creature with red eyes and in a choking voice—"Just promise to come back and see us again, and I'll let you gang."

"Yes, yes," I answered, anxious to escape, and quite overcome by this unexpected prolongation of the scene—"Yes, and may God bless you;" and by a sudden effort I released myself from her grasp, and effected my escape.

With Cyril's introduction to our metropolis, we close the present notice of this able production:—

"A change has come over the spirit of my dream. The days of my boyhood have passed away, and I am now a man—participating largely in all the hopes, passions, errors, follies, and pursuits, which belong to that condition of our being, and about to enter on the part allotted me in the busy scene of life. It has been said that the happiest years of human existence are those of childhood. My own experience would lead me to question this. There is no period of my life, to the contemplation of which I return with greater reluctance than that which is embraced in the preceding portion of this narrative. My horizon had been early darkened by the quenching of its brightest stars. The lines had not always fallen to me in pleasant places, and my slender bark had been destined, from the very commencement of its voyage, to endure the buffettings of wind and wave. It may be, misfortunes like mine are uncommon. But the memory which recalls most vividly the happiness of youthful days, is generally a more faithless record of their sorrows; and they who delight to dwell on the fragrance of the flower, are always the first to forget the sharpness of the thorn. Who indeed can recall the thousand griefs and anxieties of his early years? The throng of childish fears and disappointments, by which the sunshine of his young spirit was overcast and shadowed? The sufferings of youth are indeed more evanescent than those of maturer years, but are they necessarily less acute? I cannot think so.

"I shall not encumber my narrative by any attempt to describe the feelings with which for the first time I entered London. The impression produced by this great mart of the world, is, in all cases, I believe, pretty nearly the same; modified, indeed, in its intensity by the constitutional temperament of individuals, but varying little in the character of the emotions which it excites.

"For the first few days my mind was bewildered by the vastness of the scene, and my conceptions of the character and grandeur of the objects around me were vague and dim. I was incapable of business, and devoting my time to contemplation, I roamed about the streets,

regarding every thing I saw with wonder. By degrees, however, the charm of novelty wore off, and as my eye became gradually familiar with the splendour and magnitude of the objects among which I moved, new and unknown attractions did not fail to present themselves. Fresh allurements daily started up around me, and spread themselves in my path, and I was beset by temptations to which my natural temperament and acquired habits of self-command were unequal to afford effectual resistance. In short, I was my own master, and in London Chance brought me in contact with several of my early companions, already deep enough in worldly experience to be qualified to instruct my ignorance, and before I had been a fortnight in town, I had become a thorough adept in metropolitan dissipation.

"To a young man in my situation, it is perhaps a misfortune, that in London there is scarcely any length to which dissipation may not be carried without loss of character. An individual forms so small a fraction of the mighty mass, and his proceedings are so much a matter of indifference to those around him, that the check of public opinion, which, in smaller societies, exerts so salutary an influence, is entirely removed. There is no privacy like that one enjoys in the crowd of a million, and it has been truly said by Dr. Johnson, that he who would live perfectly secluded from his fellow men, should make London the theatre of his solitude.

"Engrossed by pleasure, I was insensible of the rapidity with which time flew by. The weeks allowed for preparation were gone, when I imagined them to be scarcely commenced. To enable me to prolong my stay, I solicited an extension of my leave, and it was granted. I did not fail to take advantage of the means thus afforded me, of continuing my career in the devious path of vice and error on which I had thus early entered. To advance, required no effort of volition, for I was carried on as it were in a vortex; to retrieve my steps, on the other hand, was difficult, if not impossible. It required the exercise of strong energy,—perhaps the influence of higher motives than any by which my actions had been ever swayed."

The Age Reviewed; a Satire: with the Runaways; a Political Dialogue. 8vo. pp. 339. London, 1827.

We have felt, while endeavouring to pass our judgment on this work, as if walking over red-hot plough-shares, or subjected to that other ordeal, which, sink or swim, must surely be fatal to us. As for turning away from it, it is impossible, but where to set our foot without burning it, or treading on some one whom we have long repented, we know not; and if we attempt the swimming method, and care nothing about the stones and broomsticks which threaten us when we reach the shore, it is a difficult question with us, whether, unused as we are to the *pelting* mood, we should long survive the attack; fortunately, however, for our present repose and safety, we have no necessity for approaching the dangerous ground till our next, and we fear neither friend nor foe, in giving the following spirited lines:—

"How vile the craft by which the coffer's filled,
And viler knaves in venal homage skilled:
Some fertilize by rending others poor,
Serenely banking on a borrowed store;
The *ton*, by festive luxury heap their mine,

Where midnight gambling pays for watered wine ;
The brave, by tuneful lies ensure their gain—
See Rowland's grease and Teian Wright's champagne—
While baseless splendour and ephem'ral show,
Exalt the tumid meanness of the low.
"Superbly, see the trader's costly bale
Roll on the counter for a speedy sale ;—
His silken frip'ries and thick-plated glass
Arrest the stare of each astounded ass :
Still, purses warm within the pocket sleep,
Unwakened there, but by th' arousing "cheap;"
Meantime, the counter-lord is fop complete,
With oil-consuming hair and Chinese feet ;
The priggish coat and neckcloth's wavy fold,
Encasing waistcoat and rich chains of gold,
Array the frizzled, ceremonious bilk,
Fine as his flaring wreaths of smuggled silk ;—
He keeps a groom and "blood" and sabbath chaise,
"His wife quotes novels and his daughter plays,"—
Gives monthly balls, and quaffs his cellar'd wines,
Games like a peer, and not till evening dines ;
No Indian Nabobs more tyrannic swell
Than this same connoisseur of yard and ell,
Till crashing creditors arouse with fears,
And George's act absolves the long arrears !

Our readers will be forcibly reminded of Goldsmith's beautiful lines on the same subject as the following ; we leave them to make the comparison :—

"Dear was the scene that wiled the wanderer's eye,
Ere Pomp arose and Avarice pealed her cry ;—
The moss-roofed palace of the lowly swain,
Serenely smiling on his green domain :
And oft the way-worn pilgrim sighed to share
The hamlet home, and calm sequestered there ;
When paused he pensive on the sultry road,
Cool'd his warm brow, and eased his cumbering load ;
The curling column of spontaneous smoke,
That flowed where'er th' alluring breezes broke,
The front parterre and nodding tulip bed,
The flowery range empaled from infant tread,—
Oh ! plenteous these were wont the eye to greet,
When healthful labour stored the cot's retreat ;
Here, too, his week of summer labour past,
One balmy eve brought rich repose at last ;
Then, haly parents seated near their door,
Partook the welcome pipe and cupboard store,
Or wifed its cloudy perfume in the air,
While gambling urchins traced it round their chair.
Alas ! now rarely seen such sylvan bliss—
The farm's precluding space has plundered this !
"Severe and desolate the peasant's doom,
Now passed in hunger and released in gloom ;
Each day commenced with toil, in famine ends,
No home endears him, and no hand befriends :
With labour ill repaid through dismal years,
His very joys are sprinkled o'er with tears ;
Condemned to famish or to slave for bread,
That boon is wasted e'er his babes are fed ;
No relic left for future woes to hide,
Cheer a bleak night or help an honest pride,—
He turns inebriate to forget his grief,
And wastes the sordid hire that mocked relief ;
Or, tamed by toil, entreats an unseen power,
For death to hasten that releasing hour,
When lording wealth shall tyranize no more,—
And shivering orphans throng the workhouse door !
"E'er yet the town's corruptions soiled the swain,

The sabbath smiled upon the village plain ;
Then, pure the sight on that refreshing morn,
When softly swelling, far the bells were borne,
And while around their lingering music pealed,
Congenial throngs came tripping o'er the field ;
Or, clad in neat array, a prattling train
Paced slowly o'er the church-yard's upward lane ;
Or, pensive strolled along its elm-lined walk,
In all the grave simplicity of talk :
The grey-haired sire, leaned on his grandson's stay
Taught playful youth to reverence the day ;
Though rare his locks, he loved the burial ground,
And moralized by each remembered mound.
Revered by all, the decent pastor came,
With grateful whisperings to precede his name ;
Doffed hats and bends, close by the crowded porch,
And urchin smiles to greet him to his church ;
Then smoothed each head, and all devoutly staid
To worship where their peaceful fathers prayed.
"Tis altered now !—the flouncing garb and air,
The thankless mumble and the dressy glare,—
Or groom like rector, useless as his hounds,
And farmers moaning o'er their trampled grounds ;
Or else a classic curate, sourly thin,
A seventh day's image of incarnate sin,
That yawns an hour o'er his narcotic line,
(Some wordy pillage from a dead divine)—
With ale-house brawls, the city vice and sots,
And sullen boors that damn their shredless lots—
These sorry traits denote the sabbath-day,
Where village manners dwindle and decay !

Our author's political portraits have no want of individuality, as our readers will perceive by the following :—

"Ye tinkling twisters of malignant rhyme,
Ye Hunts and Cobbets who purvey for crime,
Ye Shiels and Connells—all ye remnant vile,
That lie for lucre, and subsist on guile,—
Can aught of patriotic fervour grace
The heart-corruptions of your reptile race ?
With the foul frothings of ignoble spite
Protect your country or the freeman right ?
Go !—dip your nasty quills in Grub-Street mite,
Traduce for malice and lampoon for hire ;
Cling to the cursed columns that ye scrawl,
Like bloated beetles on a slime-licked wall,
There mask the foulness of your covert aim,
And strut in all the energy of shame !

"England's true "patriot" scorns all plot and sect,
No maniac he, to riot or project ;
No hot-brain'd schemer for a scheming clan,—
He sees in every face his fellow man !
His country deeming 'bove all hate or pelf,
He makes her cause no shelter for himself ;
To public right and public freedom true,
He takes the general, not the partial view :
In peace,—no crafty oracle for knaves,
Or saucy trumpet for the mob that raves ;
In war, the first to fill the hero's part,
He wields his weapon with a British heart ;
Whate'er his rank, supplantless in one cause,—
No clamours shake him, and no fear withdraws :
Like some grey ocean rock, whose wave-lashed base
Awes back the plunging waters as they race,—
Though round it, swelling surges bound and rise,
Its steady top still beacons to the skies !

"Foremost of demagogues and dirty bores,
Whose plaintive grunt eternal ill deplores,
See Cobbett rise,—with brutish pride to reign,
The bone-preserved of th' accursed Paine ;
With proper page to print each vile attack,
The "Herald's" mouth-piece and the butt for black :
Detested "patriot!" whose mean tongue can turn,
Well liek Burdett,—and then the patron spurn,
Though thy rank pen be dipp'd in miscreant gall,
To soil thy betters and to poison all,—
Deem not, foul renegade, there's none can see
The buried hypocrite, alive in thee !
Though Paddy Kernan spout thine impious line,
And crazy Connell deemed thee once divine :
Thine aim well-rob'd in patriotic vest,
Gleams forth traducive, in each wild protest,—
Thou livest but to enjoy thy pestful ire,
And lay the fuel for Rebellion's fire ;
To drive Religion from her hallow'd fane,—
With heart of Thurtell and with head of Paine !
"Obscure in print, but splendid on our shoes,
Unmatched in Billingsgate, for black abuse,—
Grossness in port, and baseness in his eye,
I see the punch of hustings dangle by,—
The farmer's Alfie,—brazen-visaged Hunt,
Whom Baron Leatherbrains can scarce confront ;
Embal'm'd in dunghills,—figured on the wall,
In universal fame, Hunt beats them all !"

History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times. By ISAAC TAYLOR. 8vo. pp. 256. London, 1827. Holdsworth, In publishing this very interesting work. Mr. Taylor has performed a service which cannot be too highly appreciated. The information he has given us on the subject of ancient books, and their transmission to our times, is of the most important nature, and so perfectly free from all affectation and technicality, that his work is admirably adapted to the want of the general reader. To acquire the same information which this moderate-sized volume affords, by reference to other writers on bibliography, would demand an almost unpardonable sacrifice of time and labour ; and while we recommend the work, therefore, to the general reader, we do the same to students in the higher walks of literature, as the best introduction we know of to a branch of literary history of the greatest importance to the theologian and the biblical critic. We extract the following curious particulars, respecting ancient manuscripts, as best adapted to the pages of our work :—

Materials of Ancient Books.—No material for books has, perhaps, a higher claim to antiquity than the skin of the calf or goat tanned soft, and usually dyed red or yellow : the skins were generally connected in lengths, sometimes of a hundred feet, sufficient to contain an entire book, which then formed one roll or volume. These soft skins seem to have been more in use among the Jews and other Asiatics than among the people of Europe. The copies of the law found in the synagogues are often of this kind : the most ancient manuscripts extant are some copies of the Pentateuch on rolls of leather.

Parchment.—Pergamena, so called long after the time of its first use, from Pergamus, a city of Mysia, where the manufacture was improved and carried on to a great extent, is men-

tioned by Herodotus and Ctesias as a material which had been from time immemorial used for books: it has proved to be of all others, except that above mentioned, the most durable. The greater part of all manuscripts that are of higher antiquity than the sixth century are on parchment; as well as, generally, all carefully written and curiously decorated manuscripts of later ages. The palimpsests, mentioned in the preceding chapter, are usually parchments: "It often happened," says Montfaucon, "that, from the scarcity of parchment, the copyists, having erased the writing of ancient books, wrote upon them anew; these rewritten parchments were called palimpsests—scraped a second time, and often the ancient work was one of far greater value than that to which it gave place: this we have on many occasions had opportunity to observe in the manuscripts of the king's library, and in those of Italy. In some of these rescripts the first writing is so much obliterated as to be scarcely perceptible; while in others, though not without much labour, it may still be read."

The practice, still followed in the east, of writing upon the leaves of trees, was common in the remotest ages. The leaves of the mallow or of the palm were most used for this purpose; they were sometimes wrought together into larger surfaces; but it is probable that this fragile and inconvenient material was only employed for ordinary purposes of business, letter writing, or the instruction of children.

The inner bark of the linden, or *teil* tree, and perhaps of some others, called by the Romans *liber*, by the Greeks *biblos*, was so generally used as a material for writing, as to have given its name to a book in both languages. Tables of solid wood, called *codices*, whence the term *codex* for a manuscript on any material, has passed into common use, were also employed, but chiefly for legal documents, on which account a system of laws came to be called a code. Leaves or tablets of lead or ivory are frequently mentioned by ancient authors as in common use for writing. But no material or preparation seems to have been so frequently employed, on ordinary occasions, as tablets covered with a thin coat of coloured wax, which was readily removed by an iron needle, called a *style*; and from which the writing was as readily effaced by the blunt end of the same instrument.

But during many ages the article most in use, and of which the consumption was so great as to form a principal branch of the commerce of the Mediterranean, was that manufactured from the papyrus of Egypt. Many manuscripts written upon this kind of paper in the sixth, and some even so early as the fourth century, are still extant. It formed the material of by far the larger proportion of all books from very early times till about the seventh or eighth century, when it gradually gave place to a still more convenient manufacture.

The papyrus, or Egyptian reed, grew in vast quantities in the stagnant pools formed by the inundations of the Nile. The plant consists of a single stem, rising sometimes to the height of ten cubits; this stem, gradually tapering from the root, supports a spreading tuft at its summit. The substance of the stem is fibrous, and the pith contains a sweet juice. Every part of this plant was put to some use by the Egyptians. The harder and lower part they formed into cups and other utensils; the upper part into staves, or the ribs of boats; the sweet pith was a common article of food;

while the fibrous part of the stem was manufactured into cloth, sails for ships, ropes, strings, shoes, baskets, wicks for lamps, and especially into paper. For this purpose the fibrous coats of the plant were peeled off, the whole length of the stem. One layer of fibres was then laid across another upon a block, and being moistened, the glutinous juice of the plant formed a cement, sufficiently strong to give coherence to the fibres; when greater solidity was required, a size made from bread or glue was employed. The two films being thus connected, were pressed, dried in the sun, beaten with a broad mallet, and then polished with a shell. This texture was cut into various sizes, according to the use for which it was intended, varying from thirteen to four finger's breadth, and of proportionate length.

By progressive improvements, especially in the hands of the Roman artists, this Egyptian paper was brought to a high degree of perfection. In later ages, it was manufactured of considerable thickness, perfect whiteness, and an entire continuity and smoothness of surface. It was, however, at the best, so friable, that when durability was required, the copyists inserted a page of parchment between every five or six pages of the papyrus. Thus the firmness of the one substance defended the brittleness of the other; and great numbers of books so constituted have resisted the accidents and decays of twelve centuries.

Three hundred years before the Christian era, the commerce in this article had extended over most parts of the civilized world; and long afterwards it continued to be a principal source of wealth to the Egyptians. But at length the invention of another manufacture, and the interruption of commerce occasioned by the possession of Egypt by the Saracens, banished the paper of Egypt from common use. Comparatively few manuscripts on this material are found of later date than the eighth or ninth century; though it continued to be occasionally used long afterwards.

The *charta bombycinia*, or cotton paper, often improperly called silk paper, was unquestionably manufactured in the east as early as the ninth century, possibly much earlier; and in the tenth it came into general use throughout Europe. This invention, not long afterwards, became still more available for general purposes by the substitution of old linen or cotton rags for the raw material; by which means both the price of the article was reduced, and the quality improved. The cotton paper manufactured in the ancient mode is still used in the east, and is a beautiful fabric.

From this brief account of the materials successively employed for books, it will be obvious, that a knowledge of the changes which these several manufactures underwent will often serve, especially when employed in subversion to other evidence, to ascertain the age of manuscripts; or at least to furnish the means of detecting fabricated documents.

The Instruments of Writings.—Inks.—The instruments used for writing were, of course, adapted to the material on which they were to be employed. For writing upon the brazen, leaden, or waxed tablets, above mentioned, a needle, called a *style*, was used, the upper end of which, being smooth and flat, served to obliterate the marks on the tablet, as occasion might require. These styles were anciently most often formed of iron or brass; but afterwards of ivory, bone, or wood. Indeed, a fatal use having been, on several occasions, made of these pointed weapons by angry partizans in

the public courts, the use of iron styles was prohibited; Cæsar, when attacked by the conspirators, is said to have used his iron style as a dagger, and with it to have pierced the arm of one of them: and the story of the Christian schoolmaster, Cassianus, is well known, who is said to have been killed by his scholars, armed with their styles; other similar instances are recorded.

For the purpose of writing with ink, a *calamus*, formed generally from a reed of the Nile, was used. Persons of distinction often wrote with a *calamus* of silver. The use of quills seems to have been of ancient date; but long after the time when the fitness of the quill for the purpose of writing was known, the *calamus* of reed continued to be preferred. The scalpel, or knife for trimming the pen, the compasses, for measuring the distances of the lines, and the scissars, for cutting the paper, are always seen on the desk of the writers in the figures which adorn many ancient manuscripts.

The ink most used by the ancients has been said, but on rather uncertain authority, to have consisted of the black liquor found in the cuttle fish. But it is evident from chemical analysis that an opaque ink, very different from the mere dye or stain used at present, was commonly employed by the transcribers of books. This opaque ink seems, like the China ink, to have been formed from the subtle soot of lamps in which the purest combustibles were burnt. The coal of ivory, or of the finer woods, powdered, was also in use; these, or similar substances, mixed with gums, and diluted with acids, formed a pigment much more durable than modern ink; but less fluent, and much less adapt'd to a rapid and continuous movement of the pen.

Form of ancient Books, their Illuminations, &c.—The mode of compacting the sheets of their books remained the same among the Greeks during a long course of time; little, therefore, pertinent to our argument, is to be gathered on this head. The sheets were folded three or four together, and separately stitched; these parcels were then connected nearly in the same mode as is at present practised. Books were covered with linen, silk, or leather.

Few ancient books are altogether destitute of decorations; and many are splendidly adorned with pictorial ornaments. These consist either of flowery initials, grotesque cyphers, portraits, or even historical compositions. Sometimes diagrams, explanatory of the subjects mentioned by the author, are placed on the margin. Books written for the use of royal persons, or dignified ecclesiastics, usually contain the effigies of the proprietor, often attended by his family, and by some allegorical or celestial minister; while the humble scribe, in monkish attire, knees and presents the book to his patron.

These illuminations, as they are called, almost always exhibit some costume of the times, or some peculiarity, which serves to mark the age of the manuscript. Indeed a fund of antiquarian information relative to the middle ages has been collected from this source. Many of these pictured books exhibit a high degree of executive talent in the artist, yet labouring under the restraints of a barbarous taste.

We trust our readers will see, from these extracts, the interesting character of Mr. Taylor's work, and be induced to avail themselves of its useful information.

PERSONAL SKETCHES OF HIS OWN TIMES,
BY SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

(Continued from p. 397.)

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON has recorded several anecdotes respecting his parliamentary career, which serve to throw considerable light on the political state of Ireland at his entrance into public life. We quote the following account of his introduction to the Irish House of Commons:—

‘ The day on which I first took my seat in the Irish parliament for the city of Tuam, I still reflect on as one of the most gratifying of my life. The circumstance, abstractedly, was but of secondary consideration; but its occurrence brought back to my mind the events of past ages, and the high respectability of the race from which I sprang. I almost fancied, as I entered the house, that I could see my forefathers, ranged upon those seats which they had so long and so honourably occupied in the senate of their country, welcoming their descendant to that post which had not for a few years past been filled by any member of the family. In fact, the purer part of my ambition was hereby gratified. I felt myself an entirely independent representative of an equally independent nation—as a man assuming his proper station in society, not acquiring a new one. ’

‘ I confess I always had, and still continue to have, and to nourish, the pride which arises from having been born a gentleman. I am aware that wealth, and commerce, and perhaps talent, have, in modern times, occasioned family pride to be classed in the rank of follies, but I feel it, nevertheless, most strongly:—and if it be even a crime, I am culpable; if a folly, I submit to be regarded as imbecile. The sensations I experienced were indeed altogether delightful upon finding myself seated under that grand and solemn dome. I looked-around me, and saw the most dignified men of that day,—the ablest orators of the period,—many of the best-bred courtiers, and some of the most unsophisticated patriots in the empire! These, including a few friends and intimates of my family, were mingled, here and there, in amicable groups, and by turns kindly encouraged a young barrister, of only two years’ practice, without patronage or party, as a fair aspirant to rank and eminence. ’

‘ I was very greatly moved and excited: but it was not excitement of an ephemeral or feverish character; on the contrary, my emotions had their source in a tranquil, deep-seated, perhaps proud, satisfaction, impossible to be clearly described, and almost impossible to be felt by any but such as might be placed in circumstances precisely similar. ’

‘ There were members present, I have already said, with whom I was personally acquainted. My friend, Sir John Parnel, partly, I am sure, on my account, and partly, no doubt, with a view to the service of government, lost no time in introducing me to many of his own particular friends. ’

‘ I dined with him on that day; he was then chancellor of the exchequer. The entire party I do not recollect; but I remember perfectly those individuals of it with whom I subsequently cultivated acquaintance. Amongst them were Major Hobart (since Lord Buckinghamshire), Isaac Corry, Sir John (since Lord) De Blaquier, Robert Thoroton, White, Marcus Beresford (Lord Clare’s nephew), the present Lord Oriel (then speaker), Thomas Burgh, of Bert, Sir Hercules Langreish, and James Cuffe (since Lord Tyrawley). The scene was

new to me:—hitherto my society in Dublin had naturally fallen amongst the members of my own profession; we were all barristers, and I felt myself but a barrister: and though certainly we formed at that time the second-best society in Ireland, it was inferior to that of which I had now become a member. I found myself, in fact, associated as an equal in a circle of legislators whose good-breeding, wit, and conviviality were mingled with political and general information. The first steps of the ladder were mounted; and as meanwhile Sir John’s champaign was excellent, and quickly passed round, my spirits rose to a pitch far higher than in the morning, and any talent for conversation or anecdote which I might possess involuntarily coming out, Sir John Parnel, shaking his fat sides with laughter, according to his usual custom, said to me, before we broke up, “ Barrington, you’ll do!” upon which, Sir Hercules Langreish, who had very much the tone of a Methodist preacher, yet was one of the wittiest men in Ireland, immediately said, “ No—we must have another trial;” and a day was fixed to dine with him. ’

‘ My acquaintance soon augmented to a degree almost inconvenient. My friendship I limited to such men as I held to possess congeniality of sentiment; and before any long time had elapsed, I was not only the frequent guest of many of the distinguished characters of Ireland, but was considered as an early and favoured candidate for any professional promotion which the shortness of my standing at the bar would admit of. ’

‘ Reflecting, soon after I had taken my seat, on the novel nature of my situation, I felt that it was beset by considerable difficulties. I allude to the decision necessary for me to come to with respect to the line of polities I meant to pursue. I was not a new man, by whom any course might be taken, without exciting comment or question. On the contrary, I was of an old family, the importance and influence of which I was desirous to revive, and hence it became requisite that I should weigh my actions well, and avoid precipitancy. ’

‘ Political parties at that time ran high, though but little individual hostility existed. Grattan, the two Ponsonbys, Curran, Brownlow, Forbes, Bowes Daly, Connolly, Arthur Brown, and numerous other most respectable personages were then linked together in a phalanx of opposition which, under the name of whiggery, not only assailed the government upon every feasible occasion, but was always proposing measures which under the then existing system were utterly inadmissible. The opposition had the advantage in point of ability, and, therefore, nothing but supreme talent had any chance amongst them of rendering its possessor useful or valued. Though my nature was patriotic, I ever respected the aristocracy, which, whilst the democracy exhibits the people’s general character and energy, tends to embellish the state, and to give it an imposing grandeur. ’

The following is a curious account of the change of etiquette respecting the dress of the members, and will be amusing to the attendants on our English house of Parliament:—

‘ A very singular custom prevailed in the Irish House of Commons which never was adopted in England, nor have I ever seen it mentioned in print. The description of it may be amusing. ’

‘ On the day whereon the routine business of the budget was to be opened, for the pur-

pose of voting supplies, the Speaker invited the whole of the members to dinner in the house, in his own and the adjoining chambers. Several peers were accustomed to mix in the company; and I believe an equally happy, joyous, and convivial assemblage of legislators never were seen together. All distinctions as to government or opposition parties were totally laid aside; harmony, wit, wine, and good-humour reigning triumphant. The speaker, clerk, chancellor of the exchequer, and a very few veteran financiers, remained in the house till the necessary routine was gone through, and then joined their happy comrades—the party seldom breaking up till midnight. ’

‘ On the ensuing day the same festivities were repeated; but on the third day, when the report was to be brought in, and the business discussed in detail, the scene totally changed;—the convivialists were now metamorphosed into downright public declamatory enemies, and, ranged on opposite sides of the house, assailed each other without mercy. Every questionable item was debated—every proposition deliberately discussed—and more zealous or assiduous senators could no where be found than in the very members who, during two days, had appeared to commit the whole funds of the nation to the management of half a dozen arithmeticians. ’

‘ But all this was consonant to the national character of the individuals. Set them at table, and no men enjoyed themselves half so much; set them to business, no men ever worked with more earnestness and effect. A steady Irishman will do more in an hour, when fairly engaged upon a matter which he understands, than any other countryman (so far, at least, as my observation has gone) in two. The persons of whom I am more immediately speaking. They certainly were extraordinarily quick and sharp! I am, however, at the same time ready to admit that the lower orders of officials—such, for instance, as mere clerks in the public offices, exhibited no claim to a participation in the praise I have given their superiors: they were, on the other hand, frequently confused and incorrect; and amongst that description of persons I believe there were then fewer competent men than in most countries. ’

‘ Another custom in the house gave rise to a very curious anecdote, which I shall here mention. The members of parliament formerly attended the House of Commons in full dress:—an arrangement first broken through by the following circumstance:—

‘ A very important constitutional question was debating between government and the opposition; a question, by the by, at which my English reader will probably feel surprised; namely, “ as to the application of a sum of £60,000, then lying unappropriated in the Irish treasury, being a balance after paying all debts and demands upon the country or its establishments.” The numbers seemed to be nearly poised,—although it had been supposed that the majority would incline to give it to the King, whilst the opposition would recommend laying it out upon the country; when the serjeant-at-arms reported that a member wanted to force into the house *undressed*, in dirty boots, and splashed up to his shoulders. ’

‘ The speaker could not oppose custom to privilege, and was necessitated to admit him. It proved to be Mr. Tottenham, of Ballycarney, county Wexford, covered with mud, and wearing a pair of huge jack-boots! Having heard that the question was likely to come on sooner

than he expected, he had (lest he should not be in time) mounted his horse at Ballyearny, set off in the night, ridden nearly sixty miles up to the parliament-house direct, and rushed in, without washing or cleaning himself, to vote for the country. He arrived just at the critical moment! and critical it was, for the numbers were in truth equal, and his casting vote gave a majority of one to the country party.

“ This anecdote could not die while the Irish parliament lived; and I recollect “ Tottenham in his boots” remaining, down to a very late period, a standing toast at certain patriotic Irish tables.

“ Being on the topic, (and, I confess, to me it is still an interesting one), I must remark a singular practical distinction in the rules of the Irish and English Houses of Commons. In England, the house is cleared of strangers for every division, and no person is supposed to see or know in what way the representatives of the people exercise their trust. In Ireland, on the contrary, the divisions were public, and red and black lists were immediately published of the voters on every important occasion. The origin of this distinction I cannot explain, but it must be owned that the Irish was the most constitutional practice.”

The following characters are drawn with considerable humour:—

“ Amongst those parliamentary gentlemen frequently to be found in the coffee-room of the house, were certain baronets of very singular character, who, until some division called them to vote, passed the intermediate time in high conviviality. Sir John Stuart Hamilton, a man of small fortune and large stature, possessing a most liberal appetite both for solids and fluids—much wit, more humour, and indefatigable cheerfulness,—might be regarded as their leader.

“ Sir Richard Musgrave, who (except on the abstract topics of politics, religion, martial law, his wife, the pope, the pretender, the Jesuits, Napper Tandy, and the whipping-post), was generally in his senses, formed, during those intervals, a very entertaining addition to the company.

“ Sir Edward Newnham, member for Dublin county, afforded a whimsical variety by the affectation of early and exclusive transatlantic intelligence. By repeatedly writing letters of congratulation, he had at length extorted a reply from General Washington, which he exhibited upon every occasion, giving it to be understood by significant nods, that he knew vastly more than he thought proper to communicate.

“ Sir Vesey Colclough, member for county Wexford, who understood books and wine better than any of the party, had all his days treated money so extremely ill, that it would continue no longer in his service! and the dross (as he termed it) having entirely forsaken him, he bequeathed an immense landed property, during his life, to the uses of custodians, elegits, and judgments, which never fail to place a gentleman’s acres under the especial guardianship of the attorney. He was father to that excellent man, John Colclough, who was killed at Wexford, and to the present Cesar Colclough, whose fall might probably have afforded rather less cause of regret.

“ Sir Vesey added much to the pleasantries of the party by occasionally forcing on them deep subjects of literature, of which few of his companions could make either head or tail; but to avoid the imputation of ignorance, they often

gave the most ludicrous proofs of it on literary subjects, geography, and astronomy, with which he eternally bored them.

“ Sir Frederick Flood, also member for county Wexford, whose exhibitions in the imperial parliament have made him tolerably well known in England, was very different in his habits from the last-mentioned baronet;—his love of money and spirit of ostentation never losing their hold throughout every action of his life. He was but a second-rate blunderer in Ireland. The bulls of Sir Boyle Roche (of whom we shall speak hereafter) generally involved aphorisms of sound sense, whilst Sir Frederick’s (on the other hand) possessed the qualification of being pure nonsense.

“ He was a pretty, dapper man, very good-tempered, and had a droll habit, of which he could never effectually break himself (at least in Ireland):—whenever a person at his back whispered or suggested any thing to him whilst he was speaking in public, without a moment’s reflection he almost always involuntarily repeated the suggestion *literatim*.

“ Sir Frederick was once making a long speech in the Irish parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration, by declaring, “ that the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the Lord Lieutenant’s favour,”—John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, “ and be whipped at the cart’s tail.”—“ And be whipped at the cart’s tail!” repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amidst peals of the most uncontrollable laughter.

“ Sir John Blacquiere flew at higher game than the other baronets, though he occasionally fell into the trammels of Sir John Hamilton. Sir John Blacquiere was a little deaf of one ear, for which circumstance he gave a very singular reason:—his seat, when secretary, was the outside one on the treasury bench, next to a gangway; and he said that so many members used to come perpetually to whisper him—and the buzz of importunity was so heavy and continuous, that before one claimant’s words had got out of his ear, the demand of another forced its way in, till the ear-drum, being overcharged, absolutely burst! which, he said, turned out conveniently enough, as he was then obliged to stuff the organ tight, and tell every gentleman that his physician had directed him not to use that ear at all, and the other as little as possible!

“ Sir John Stuart Hamilton played him one day, in the corridor of the House of Commons, a trick which was a source of great entertainment to all parties. Joseph Hughes, a country farmer and neighbour of Sir John Stuart Hamilton, who knew nothing of great men, and (in common with many remote farmers of that period) had very seldom been in Dublin, was hard pressed to raise some money to pay the fine on a renewal of a bishop’s lease—his only property.—He came directly to Sir John, who, I believe, had himself drunk the farmer’s spring pretty dry, whilst he could get any thing out of it. As they were standing together in one of the corridors of the Parliament House, Sir John Blacquiere stopped to say something to his brother baronet:—his star, which he frequently wore on rather shabby coats, struck the farmer’s eye, who had never seen such a thing before; and coupling it with the very black visage of the wearer, and his peculiar appearance alto-

ther, our rustic was induced humbly to ask Sir John Hamilton “ who that man was with the silver sign on his coat?”

“ “ Don’t you know him?” cried Sir John; “ why, that is a famous Jew money-broker.”

“ “ May be, please your honour, he could do my little business for me,” responded the honest farmer.

“ “ Trial’s all!” said Sir John.

“ “ I’ll pay well,” observed Joseph.

“ “ That’s precisely what he likes,” replied the baronet.

“ “ Pray, Sir John,” continued the farmer, “ what’s those words on his sign?” (alluding to the motto on the star.)

“ “ Oh,” answered the other, “ they are Latin, *Tria juncta in uno*.”

“ “ And may I crave the English thereof?” asked the unsuspecting countryman.

“ “ Three in a bond,” said Sir John.

“ “ Then I can match him, by J—s,” exclaimed Hughes.—“ You’ll be hard set,” cried the malicious baronet; “ however, you may try.”

“ Hughes then approaching Blacquiere, who had removed but a very small space, told him with great civility and a significant nod, that he had a little matter to mention which he trusted would be agreeable to both parties. Blacquiere drew him aside and desired him to proceed. “ To come to the point then at once,” said Hughes, “ the money is not to say a great deal, and I can give you three in a bond—myself and two good men as any in Cavan, along with me. I hope that will answer you. Three in a bond! safe good men.”

“ Sir John, who wanted a supply himself, had the day before sent to a person who had advertised the lending of money; and, on hearing the above barangue, (taking for granted that it resulted from his own application), he civilly assured Hughes that a bond would be of no use to him! good bills might be negotiated, or securities turned into cash, though at a loss,—but bonds would not answer at all.

“ “ I think I can get another man, and that’s one more than your sign requires,” said Hughes.

“ “ I tell you,” repeated Sir John, “ bonds will not answer at all, sir!—bills, bills!”

“ “ Then it’s fitter,” retorted the incensed farmer, “ for you to be after putting your sign there in your pocket, than wearing it to deceive the Christians, you damned usurer! you Jew, you!”

“ Nobody could be more amused by this *dénouement* than Blacquiere himself, who told every body he knew of “ Hamilton’s trick upon the countryman.”

Iu-Kiao-Li; or, the Two Fair Cousins. A Chinese Novel. From the French version of M. ABEL-REMUSAT. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. Hunt and Clarke.

THIS is a very curious and a very interesting specimen of Chinese literature. The French translation, from which the present version is taken, is by a man of well-known ability and extensive acquirement in the language of the celestial empire. We should be happy to find *Iu-Kiao-Li* followed by other translations of similar productions, as we are persuaded more real knowledge, both of the manners and literature of the Chinese, may be acquired from such sources than from the reports of travellers, which are necessarily confined and superficial. We give an extract, from which our readers will be able to

judge of the style of this amusing little work :
‘ A POOR BACHELOR REFUSES TO MARRY A RICH YOUNG LADY.

Sse Yeoupe had gained considerably in character, since his success at the examination. It was extraordinary to meet, in one so young, such maturity of talent, united with so prepossessing an appearance ; and every parent who had a daughter unmarried, secretly wished for him as a son-in-law. But Sse Yeoupe's meditations were far from being agreeable.

“ Of the five sorts of obligations which regulate the life of man*,” said he to himself, “ the two first no longer exist for me ; premature death has snatched away both father and mother ; and I have no brothers. With respect to two others, namely, the duty which a subject owes his prince, and that due from one friend towards another—why, I must wait until an opportunity arrives, to enable me to fulfil them. If I do not marry an accomplished and beautiful woman, worthy to be my companion, what will Sse Yeoupe be in this world ? Of what use will be all the time I have devoted to study and to poetry—nay, even to have become a poet myself ? Haunted by vain fancies, a prey to feeling ; whither shall I betake myself ? Death even offers me no consolation †.” Such were the thoughts that occupied his mind : and when proposals of marriage were offered to him, he made the necessary inquiries, and not finding them very favourable to the parties proposed, he did not hesitate a moment in refusing them. Dr. Gou was the only one who, on account of the charge left him by Pe, dreaded missing this opportunity of obtaining for that relation a son-in-law possessed of so much merit. It was with this motive that he desired Mr. Lieouitaching to go and speak on the subject to Sse Yeoupe.

Lieouitaching lost no time in obeying Dr. Gou's orders ; he called on Sse Yeoupe, and, after some preparatory conversation, explained the motive of his visit.

“ A few days ago, an old woman came to speak to me on the same subject,” replied Sse Yeoupe, “ and I gave her my positive refusal. How is it then that you, sir, should take the trouble of coming about the same affair ? I would certainly pay much deference to your prudent advice ; but I have already formed my resolution. I absolutely cannot comply with your wish.”

“ The Seigneur Gou is one of the most respectable inhabitants of the academic gardens,” rejoined Lieouitaching. “ As for wealth, he ranks first in the city. He loves his daughter tenderly, he cherishes her as a pearl or precious stone. Several young men, belonging to the first families in the city, who have already attained the sash, have proposed for her : her father has refused them all. But struck with your merits and appearance, he has a strong wish to succeed with you. It is in fact a most advantageous match in every respect : how can you still refuse it with so much perverseness ?”

“ Of all human affairs,” said Sse Yeoupe, “ the first and most important is matrimony. For if real talent and exterior qualities are not combined, it is in reality but a state of slavery, to which one is condemned for the remainder

* These five obligations are, those of a child to a father ; of brother to brother ; of husband to wife ; of loyalty to one's prince ; and of friend to friend.’

† The consolations which death offers to a Chinese, consist in the belief, that the children which he leaves after him will scrupulously perform those funeral rites, on the due execution of which depends the tranquillity of his manes.’

of his life. Ought one then lightly to undertake such an engagement ?”

Lieouitaching began to laugh. “ My good brother,” said he, “ do not be offended at what I am going to say to you. It is certain that you have just been extremely successful at the examination ; this, however, is but the triumph of an hour, and is by no means a security that you will not remain a very poor bachelor. How is it that the daughter of a member of the academy is not, in your eyes, a suitable match for you ? I speak not of her beauty, nor shall I say that she resembles a flower, or is like the jasper. Her rank, sir, and riches, if you will but take possession of them, will prove a species of seasoning to the matrimonial dish, which you will relish more and more every day.”

“ It is quite unnecessary for you to talk to me about her rank and wealth,” impatiently interposed Sse Yeoupe ; “ I have already made some progress in the garden of literature, and I flatter myself I shall not long remain poor and unknown. And in fact I do not know that I shall ever be fortunate enough to meet with an accomplished woman, who will be really worthy of being beloved.”

“ Well, this is still more laughable,” said Lieouitaching ; “ but as you seem to be quite sure that riches and rank await you, let me ask you, have you ever seen a man possessed of opulence and distinction seek a lovely wife, and not find one ?”

“ Now, brother,” replied Sse Yeoupe, smiling, “ do not give such weight to riches and rank, and make so little of the beauty of woman. Formerly, as well as at the present day, every man who distinguished himself by his talents, was able to acquire fortune and high rank ; but when did there ever exist a great number of amiable and perfectly beautiful women ? If talent is unaccompanied by beauty, I do not consider the woman who possesses it accomplished ; if there be beauty without talent, it is nothing like perfection for me ; but if talents even and beauty be found united in the same person, and if her tastes, her sentiments, do not accord as pulse to pulse with mine, the possessor of them still is not the amiable woman that Sse Yeoupe desires.”

“ You are mad, brother !” exclaimed Lieouitaching, bursting into a loud laugh. “ If it be a beauty of that kind you are looking for, away at once to the singers and courtesans.”

“ In this instance I think with the prince of literature,” replied Sse Yeoupe, “ that the union which is formed by the sympathy of hearts, is such as ensures felicity to two beings, even unto grey hairs : and the close of life shall still find them occupied in watching over each other. When I cite the wholesome maxims of antiquity, why allude to courtesans and singers ?”

“ My brother, do not thus lose your time, repeating these useless maxims of antiquity, whilst you neglect the real good that is before your eyes,” said Lieouitaching.

“ Make yourself easy, brother,” answered Sse Yeoupe. “ I have already sworn, that if I do not meet with an accomplished woman, such as I have just been describing, I will never marry ; this is my determination.”

Lieouitaching again began to laugh. “ So I presume,” said he, “ if his majesty were to offer you one of the princesses of his house, you would decline the honour. This is truly the most prudent course in the world. My brother, take care how you adopt such a resolution ; take care how you miss this opportunity, and abandon yourself to a course which you

may repent having taken, before you get half way.”

“ I shall not repent, most assuredly,” replied Sse Yeoupe.

Lieouitaching was at last obliged to take leave. He went to give an account of his proceedings to Gou.

When the latter was informed that Sse Yeoupe obstinately refused his proposal, he flew into a rage, and vented his passion in invectives. “ What ! does this insignificant animal give himself such airs ? Because he obtained the first place at the examination, he thinks he can act in this unbecoming manner, contrary to all the laws of politeness ! Well, we shall see if this rank of *bachelor*, on which he prides himself so much, is a thing that will terminate so advantageously as he imagines.

When he had finished speaking, he sat down to write to the examiner, and, after having informed him of what had happened, he begged him to dismiss Sse Yeoupe from the eminent place which had been given to him at the last examination. This examiner, whose family name was Li, and surname Meouho, was of the same age as Gou, and had been educated at the same college. He wished to comply with the doctor's request ; but when he reflected on the merits and qualifications of Sse Yeoupe, against whom he had no complaint to make, he did not wish thus to mortify him. Yet, completely subservient to the wishes of Dr. Gou, he sent for the principal of the college, and secretly requested him to apprise Sse Yeoupe of the intentions entertained with respect to him, and, if possible, oblige him to yield to the proposals of marriage which Dr. Gou had made, as it was by this course alone he would do away with all obstacles to his future promotion.

The principal, having received these orders, immediately sent to invite Sse Yeoupe to come to his closet, and told him of all that had taken place.

“ I return my worthy masters many thanks for the kindnesses they have shown me,” replied Sse Yeoupe ; “ your pupil ought certainly to execute the orders which his master is pleased to give him ; but I have some very particular reasons which I cannot explain to Gou ; all I dare ask of you is, that when you see the examiner, you will tell him, let the consequence be what it will, that I decline the marriage. By taking this trouble you will do me the greatest favour.”

“ You are wrong, my young friend,” replied the principal. “ You are now twenty years of age ; this is the time to think of establishing yourself. The Seigneur Gou has shown a great deal of kindness in seeking this alliance with you, and in making the first advances : it is the most lucky thing in the world for you. I do not speak of Dr. Gou's riches and rank ; your distinguished merits may perhaps make you view them with indifference ; but I have heard that his daughter is gifted with every kind of attraction, and possesses great talents. Even if you did violence to your inclinations by submitting to his wishes, I do not see what great injury can result to you from it. What can be your motive for refusing so decidedly ?”

“ I do not wish to impose on my much respected master,” said Sse Yeoupe ; “ but I have already made the strictest inquiries concerning his daughter, and the result makes it absolutely impossible for me to submit to Dr. Gou's wishes.”

“ If you thus refuse, my young friend, it would be hard indeed to compel you ; but

Seigneur Gou is a contemporary and fellow student of my lord the examiner, and, consequently, has much influence over him. If the affair is not terminated to his liking, I fear, my young friend, that something unfavourable to your promotion will happen."

"Sse Yeoupe began to smile. "What promotion do you mean? Is it this green collar*? It is not surely for such a consideration that I would engage in an affair so serious, that its consequences are to spread themselves over the rest of my life! All I can do in the matter is, to submit to the examiner's decision;" and in saying these words, he rose, took his leave, and left the apartment.

"The principal, seeing the matter thus ended, went and told the examiner what had occurred. The latter was much chagrined, and said to himself, "Since this young man is of so intractable a character, I must take from him his present rank." New reflections, however, presented themselves to his mind. "and yet another bachelor," said he, "would have eagerly grasped at such a brilliant offer, even had it presented itself to him but in a dream: but this Sse Yeoupe would meet death rather than accede it. Notwithstanding this, he is a young man of great promise, and it is with regret that I am thus obliged to act towards him."

"His meditations were now interrupted by the sound of one of those hollow sticks with which the watchman announces the arrival of the gazette; and one of the officers, entering the apartment, laid a gazette before him. In looking over it, his attention was caught by a passage in the list of promotions and rewards granted to those magistrates who had rendered important services to the state: from which it appeared that a master of the ceremonies, in consideration of the way in which he had fulfilled his duties, was promoted to the rank of member of the board of public works. This was Pe, who, having been despatched beyond the frontiers of the empire, on a mission to the camp of the Tartars, and to compliment the captive emperor, had acquitted himself with honour of this two-fold commission. When he returned to court, his services were acknowledged; and they accordingly conferred on him the above-mentioned rank. At the same time, the bad state of health in which he was, obliged him to solicit leave of absence; and they granted him permission to take the situation, and then return to his own country to establish his health, his services not being required at that time in the capital.

"In another paragraph he saw that Yang, who was amongst those that were recommended in consequence of length of service, was promoted to the rank of minister of the second class. A third paragraph concerning the imperial college stated that those who superintended the literary assemblies held there, at which the emperor attended, had been promoted; and that Gou was amongst the persons appointed as their successors. The decree respecting these arrangements was already executed by the emperor.

"The moment examiner Li discovered that Gou was called to court, and that his relation Pe was in favour there, it struck him at once, that neither the one nor the other would ever cast their eyes again upon Sse Yeoupe; he did not hesitate, therefore, to despatch the following notice to the college:—

"Whereas I, Li, inspector of the college, and examiner, have made inquiries respecting the pupil Sse Yeoupe, and I have ascertained that he

* Marking the rank of bachelorship.'

is a person of intractable and obstinate character, over confident, vain, proud, and uncivil; and whereas it is my duty to adopt severe measures with him; but, in consideration of his youth, I shall restrict myself merely to the erasing of his name from the list of candidates, and excluding him from the examinations. This is the course that seems expedient for me to take."

"As soon as this notice was made known to the students, it excited great agitation amongst them, and soon became the subject of general and anxious conversation. One party ridiculed the folly of Sse Yeoupe; another eulogized his noble disinterestedness; whilst those of his immediate acquaintance reproved strongly his conduct.

""Why not accede to this proposal of marriage?" said they; "What can be your motive for refusing so excellent a connection? There now—you have, in consequence, lost your bachelor's place. Go at once, and give in a written retraction to the examiner."

"So, then, it is the first place on the list of candidates that has cost me all this," cried Sse Yeoupe. "Well, well—if the bachelor's cap is to go, why, I don't know that my ears will look the worse for it! What harm then is done? Gentlemen, let me tell you, your advice is altogether useless."

"And the students, seeing that there was no good to be got of Sse Yeoupe, left him to himself. Thus—

Three parts of obstinacy, and seven of imprudence,

Ferment together to form the character of a poet.

He disdains to explain himself to every day people;

A friend alone can pierce the veil of his silence.'

CAPT. JONES'S TRAVELS IN NORWAY,
SWEDEN, FINLAND, &c.

(Concluded from p. 308.)

WE observed in our last week's notice of Captain Jones's work, that the only creditable parts of it were those referring to the naval and commercial condition of the several countries he visited. We accordingly extracted his account of the Admiralty at St. Petersburg, and as much of the information he has furnished on these points is really valuable, we proceed to his remarks on the marine affairs of the south of Russia:—

"As no town, since the founding of Petersburg by the wise and able Peter, has excited greater interest in Europe than Odessa, I will endeavour to take a view of its rise and progressive improvement, the varied policy which has been adopted towards it, and its present state, with that of the general trade in the Black Sea. No town, perhaps, has ever undergone, in so short an existence, such various and alternate caresses and chidings, if I may so express myself, according as they have suited either the views, or perhaps the humour of the sovereign, or his finance minister; for although ambitious motives first caused its rise, yet after all, the filling of the treasury has been the chief object which has directed the above vacillating policy, and I think I shall be able to show, that Odessa enjoys at this moment a very undeserved reputation; for instead of being the envied free-port, it is labouring under the most irritating and humiliating restrictions, which, if continued, will cause its decline to be much more rapid than its rise. But for the sake of

the many enterprising merchants settled there,

upon the faith of broken promises, and I will even say, for the sake of humanity, I trust the present illiberal and unjust course will be immediately abandoned; the hope of which (caused more especially by the recent appointment of the enlightened Count Woronzof, to be governor-general), is the only thing which prevents most of the foreign merchants (and they are, after all, the soul of Odessa) from immediately giving up their establishments; and then adieu to it, as any thing but a place to export corn from. No man will again be allured to it by flattering Ukazes, for the stability of which there is not the slightest guarantee.

"As several, or indeed, one may say, nearly all of the principal rivers of Russia, take a southerly direction, it is evident, that the Sea of Azof and the Black Sea must be the channels by which Russia can, with the greatest facility, make her immense exports. The produce consists, in general, of heavy and bulky articles, particularly iron, timber, tallow, and hemp; all of which are improper for land-carriage, and are, consequently, more calculated to descend than to mount a country, or, in other words, to come down with the current, instead of struggling against it. Peter was well aware of this; but the Turks were then too powerful and formidable to all Europe for him to hope to open the commerce of those seas to his empire during his life-time. Anxious, however, to realize some of his able projects, he contented himself with establishing one seaport, Taganrog, by which he might try his strength in some degree with the Turks, in the sea of Azof, and plainly point out to his successor, should not his own life be spared, that, notwithstanding the extraordinary exertions made for the foundation of Petersburg, as a *débouchement* for the north, there remained still a great commercial interest to be attended to in the south. Indeed, in his grand system of canals, which has not yet been carried into effect, although no better can be devised, he made every arrangement for the communication of the Ladoga Lake, the Kama, the Lowat, the Oka, the Dnieper, the Volga, and the Don, with either the Sea of Azof or the Black Sea. But as this scheme could only be prospective, and as his great plan was to civilize his subjects, and to make them know and feel, by commerce, the value of the immense riches possessed by them, and which were then shut up for want of ports; and, perhaps, not a little stimulated by a desire to rise superior to the humiliations he had received at the hands of his romantic rival, Charles XII., he determined to possess himself of the shores of the Gulf of Finland, create a military marine for their defence, and throw their ports open to the merchants and ships of Europe. By these means, commerce and civilization would soon flow into the heart of his empire, for they invariably go hand in hand, and produce in a short time the most beneficial and surprising effects.

"The brilliant and prosperous result of the northern part of his plan, made his successors overlook the solidity of the southern; and any part of it which was followed up, was more with a view to aggrandizement and ambition, than from a regard to the permanent benefit of either the empire or the people. So much was this the case, that commerce on the Black Sea never entered the head of Catharine or her ministers, till the impetus which it derived from the (to them) dormant measures of Peter, forced it upon their consideration. So that Cherson, Nicholief, and Odessa, established in suc-

sion, owe their rise to ambitious and not to commercial plans; the latter following in the train of the former with humble steps, like true merit after presumption and arrogance.

By the treaty of peace concluded at Kain-airdji, in 1774, between the Porte and Russia, after the brilliant campaigns of Field Marshal Romanzof, the independence of the Crimea was acknowledged, and it existed till 1783, when Potemkin had the address to persuade Chagin Girrey to cede his sovereignty to Russia for a pension of one hundred thousand rubles, by which the Crimea was gained without a war, and Catharine turned her thoughts to further aggression by force of arms. As the Turks had a respectable marine, which commanded the Black Sea, it was necessary for the promotion of her views, to create a naval force, which should be able at first, to distract their attention, and ultimately to cope with them. Nor was this any such great project, although its accomplishment has been so much boasted of, because the Turks, from their indolence and ignorance, make the worst seamen in the world; and from their arrogance and pride, will not condescend to employ officers of acknowledged merit, but of a different religion; whereas, Catharine cared neither for the principles or religion of those who could be serviceable to her, nor for the feelings of her proper subjects, in advancing foreigners over them, to direct any particular service. By this wise policy, accompanied by the most tempting offers, she drew to her navy men capable, with the vast resources of her mighty empire at command, to carry her marine project into execution.

The Dnieper and the Bog at that time forming the Russian frontier, it was decided to establish a building-yard on the Dnieper, which would be sufficiently removed from the view of the Turks, and at the same time calculated for collecting and receiving the necessary building materials. Here, in some degree, they were necessitated (like Peter in the north) to found the establishment above a most inconvenient bar, for had they placed it, as it ought to have been, below Gloubock, nearer the mouth of the river, it would at once have excited the jealousy of the then powerful Turks, and have in its infancy been subject to their insults.

In the year 1778, the site being chosen, it was pompously named Cherson, and from it may be dated the origin of Russian line-of-battle ships, on the Black Sea, as from Veronetz, that of frigates on the sea of Azof.

The founding of such a town and establishment caused demands for supplies, and they quickly flew down from the north, as Peter had anticipated. Nor was it till after repeated attempts by an intelligent Frenchman, that foreign commerce was allowed to enter Cherson, in the year 1782; all views up to that time having been directed to the military marine.

In the war which preceded the peace concluded at Jassy, in 1792, between the Porte and Russia, the infant marine of the latter took an active part, and to it may be attributed, in some degree, the successful issue, which extended the frontier to the Dniester from the log. Independent of its inconvenient site, Cherson proved a most unhealthy spot, and in proportion to its size, was as destructive to human life as Petersburg, and without any proportionate benefit.

It was, therefore, determined, unfortunately, not to abandon it, but to found another a seaport on the Ingoul, near its junction with the Bog; and in 1792, Nicholief sprung up as

rapidly as Cherson had done; but, as I have before stated, it was equally, if not more inconveniently situated for building men-of-war, and infinitely more so for the purposes of commerce, which, indeed, was never taken into calculation or intended.

Faithful to her views of aggrandizement, and even to the hope of occupying Constantinople, which Catherine had conceived, and which she had, perhaps, somewhat prematurely allowed herself to develop, by the name she had recently bestowed on her second grandson, it became necessary to establish a flotilla somewhat nearer the Turkish frontier than Nicholief, and the brave and intelligent Admiral Ribas soon appreciated all the advantages which the Turkish creek and village of Adjebey, nearly midway between the old and the new frontier, possessed for such an establishment. Accordingly, he was intrusted with the formation of the port; and the Turkish village of Adjebey was soon lost in the high sounding title of the town and port of Odessa.

Indeed, when I survey the maritime resources of this great empire, I cannot persuade myself that Russia is not destined to become a great naval and commercial power. However, from the existing prejudices on the part of the natives to any thing connected with the sea, there cannot be a doubt that much time will elapse before such a material change can be produced in their habits, as to verify my prediction. But should the present or a future sovereign be duly impressed with the importance of the subject, it is impossible to say how soon such an alteration might be effected, particularly when we consider the acknowledged docility of temper, which all the common natives possess. However, in creating such a change, the sovereign must be prepared to expect a corresponding improvement in his whole empire, and that perfect liberty should succeed to perfect despotism. Under the latter it is impossible that maritime commerce can ever exist to any extent, and for that reason we have ever found republics the most commercial countries; and to our own excellent system of liberty may be attributed our commercial greatness; for unless merchants and sailors are unfettered, they can never be enterprising. In fact, when once abroad, it can only be by great natural love of country and attachment to its laws, that they can ever be expected to return; for if they find greater attractions in foreign states, they will naturally remain, or if forced to return, it will only be to create discontent, and to instil into the minds of their countrymen the superior advantages of other governments. By these means a love of better and freer institutions will be slowly but surely imbibed and engendered.

The system of obliging the owners of ships to give security for the return of every one of the crew, is so vexatious, and so impossible to be fulfilled, that of itself it will ever operate as an insuperable bar to commercial prosperity; and this will probably be the case in Russia, as long as the peasants on estates continue to be the property of the owner; for few sailors would ever return to pay a heavy *obrok*. But although the progress of liberty has been slow, (and very properly so, for when hurried, it often degenerates into anarchy,) it will not perhaps be the less certain or advantageous to the community and country at large; and once properly organized, Russia might, from the Black Sea, take much greater advantage than from the Baltic, of the commerce which begins to dawn between

the Old and the New World: I allude more particularly to the lately-emancipated states of South America.'

We now take our leave of this work, the only good feature in which we have endeavoured to point out. Several inaccuracies occur, which it is not necessary, perhaps, to particularize, but which sufficiently prove the inefficiency of the author for writing on many of the subjects he has handled.

The Book of the Orphic Hymns, printed in Uncial Letters, as a Typographical Experiment. pp. 78. 1827.

THE days of 'learned printers' are gone by—never, we fear, to rise again. Indeed, this country has never had much cause to pride herself upon her editions of the classic writers. The Clarendon Press has given some valuable editions to the world, which will always claim a certain portion of credit to the University of Oxford. At Cambridge, the University Press has done but little, and now they seem to content themselves with printing off a stray Greek play or two—'and there's an end.' There is nothing great—nothing which is worthy of that university which has produced, and which can now muster, a splendid roll of first-rate classical scholars amongst its members. As for the editions of the classics, which are printed elsewhere, the booksellers' *rifacciamenti* of German editions, they are, *en masse*, utterly worthless. There is not one with which we are acquainted, which a real scholar would not kick from his shelves in absolute disgust.

'So much may serve by way of proem, Proceed we therefore with our poem.'

The little volume, which stands at the head of this article, has been laying on our table for some time. The ingenuity and spirit which it displays, as well as the novelty of the plan, ought to have ensured it an earlier notice. However, sundry very important obstacles, which concern thee not, dear reader, precluded us from doing the critical upon its merits at that time. We shall now compensate our tardiness by an extra dash of good humour.

It is a curiosity; and, as such, ought to be patronized. A Greek book, printed in uncial letters, is *unique* in this country. At the same time, it may have its utility as well as its prettiness. It accustoms the student to read a Greek MS. with less labour than he would require without the previous aid of such a book; and it uses his eye, at the same time, to a type which resembles, in a great measure, the early Greek inscriptions.

The printer, publisher, and designer of this edition of the Orphic Hymns, seems to be an ingenious fellow, who has picked up, by hook or by crook, a certain smattering of the dead languages, and which knowledge he is anxious to turn to some account; but he is much mistaken, if he esteems himself 'cut out for a commentator.' That is not his vocation—and it is upon that score only that we have any intention of quarrelling with him. Let him stick to his types, punches, and matrixes, and we will pour a little well-meant advice into his ear.

He confesses this edition to be a *spec*;—if it succeeds, we are promised more in the

same style. So far, so good ; but his selections are ill chosen. These editions can never be esteemed much otherwise than as curiosities. If he supposes, for a moment, that such types will ever be admitted into general use, he must be mad—downright stark-staring mad. That of course is out of question. Well, then, let him print Anacreon, the Poëta Gnomici, selections from the Anthologia, and works of that kind, which every one knows, reads, and admires, without a syllable of his own twaddling prefaces and commentaries ; and then his design must and will succeed. Scholars will hug them for their curiosity ; would-be scholars for their prettiness. We, the reviewers of *The Literary Chronicle*, shall gain them a good general circulation, by telling the public they ought to purchase them, and shall place them in a prominent position on our own library shelves, bound à la Williams, by C. Lewis.

ORIGINAL.

THE LAST WORDS OF CASSIUS.

Go—slaves, and cowards as ye are,
Go—crouch before the conqueror's car ;
And meanly breathe the suppliant prayer,
And ask the Lord of Rome to spare ;
But never shall my knee be bowed,
Amidst the pale and prostrate crowd ;
Nor will I quail, with downcast eye,
Beneath the frown of tyranny ;
In freedom I have lived, in freedom will I die.
How gladly could I die for thee,
Fair Rome, if still thy sons were free ;
Ah ! would that I had died before,
Ere thou and they were free no more ;
Ere yet thy fondly-cherished name
Were linked with servitude and shame ;
Ere yet thy sun of fame were fled—
The crown were fallen from thy head,
Thy deeds were of the past ! thy warriors with
the dead.

Why should I live ? Friends, fortunes, all
Have perished in my country's fall ;
For they are friends no more, who bow
Before triumphant Cæsar now—
I pass from earth unseen ; nor leave
One faithful heart o'er me to grieve—
Brutus, my friend ! I wrong not thee—
Thou art, or shalt be won, with me ;
Thou canst not live in Rome, when Rome no
more is free.

T. D.

To the Editor of *The Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—As I perceive that the writer of the essays on the Fine Arts in your paper, is the same who some years since wrote a series of Conversations on the Arts, which appeared in *Ackermann's Repository*, I take the liberty of suggesting for your consideration, whether a new series of dialogues on the same subject would not add an agreeable and interesting column for the gratification of your readers ? I would have the papers of a didactic cast, and addressed principally to amateurs of painting, drawing, engraving, etching, and other graphic branches of the polite arts. Such a series, I feel the strongest conviction, treated in his familiar style, could not fail to augment the reputation of your paper. I have often inquired for some general treatise of this kind for my daughters, but in vain. If such a plan were to be adopted, it would

increase the sale of *The Literary Chronicle* ; for every family now consider some of these elegant studies as a necessary part of education. Information on these pursuits, would be sought by all those who are desirous of improving the minds of youth. B.

We have pleasure in being able to reply to the writer of this friendly suggestion, that the party to whom it is particularly addressed, has already prepared a series of papers on the subject, which will shortly appear in weekly succession.

NOTES OF A GRIFFIN.

(In conclusion from p. 315.)

THE noble breadth of the river, covered with junks, many of them gay, some even splendid in appearance ; the level banks, with their rich plantations of rice, bounded by blue hills in the distance ; the village and pagodas ; all these have been described too frequently, and with accuracy too minute to admit of repetition. An Englishman, however, does not pass the Bocca Tigris without bestowing a look at the two forts, the walls of which were plum-puddingized by the Alceste. One of them is built on the bank, in such a manner, that, from the deck of even a small vessel, you have a bird's-eye view of its interior. At Whampoa, his patriotism is excited and gratified by the proud appearance of the company's fleet, amounting to twenty vessels, each from fourteen hundred to eighteen hundred tons, and armed like frigates. In addition to these floating castles, the view is enlivened by the American vessels, nearly equal in number, but very inferior in size and appearance ; and also by the country* ships, some of which reach eight hundred tons burden. Between Whampoa and Canton, upon the left bank of the river, stands a battlemented round tower, known by the name of Dutch folly, of which the following story is told :—At an early period of the trade with Canton, the Dutch became desirous of establishing forts there. As the proverbial jealousy of the government left no hopes of obtaining their wish by negotiation or purchase, and as violence could scarcely fail to be followed by exclusion from a lucrative trade, the Hollanders had recourse to an artifice usual with them. A representation was made to the emperor, that the Dutch crews, confined to their ships at Whampoa, were exposed to fever and ague, arising from the exhalations from the rice grounds on the river banks. Permission was, therefore, requested to build an hospital on shore. The request is said to have been granted, together with leave to employ Chinese coolies in the labour. The tower alluded to was industriously constructed, and, under pretence of supplying it with medical stores, several chests of arms were sent ashore. In the act of conveying these, the bottom of a chest gave way, and out tumbled a blunderbluss. 'Hy-yaw !' exclaimed an astonished coolie, 'sick man eat gun ? how can !' It is needless to add that this accident put an end to the politic project of Mynheer.

On landing at Canton, a certain elation is experienced at finding one's self bodily in that

* I. e. the ships from Indian ports.

country so jealously guarded against European scrutiny. A country, respecting which our very nursery tales have filled us with such wonderful and magnificent ideas. But after this excitation of vanity has subsided, and you begin to look about you, disappointment gradually invades the mind ; and you are obliged to confess to yourself that the narrow streets, or, rather, alleys of the suburb, to which foreign merchants are confined, contain nothing to recompense the trouble of a visit. There is nothing external, no large or striking buildings, with the exception of a large Joss-house, which has been occupied several times by foreign embassies, and has been delineated *ad nauseam*. The priests, to whom the care of these temples is committed, have the whole head shaved, and wear a long white garment, fastened with a cord round the waist, which has been frequently compared to the dress of the friars in some parts of Europe. The vow of celibacy, observed by both, their residence together in religious houses, their rigorous abstinence, and voluntary penances, form a more remarkable resemblance*.

A promenade, about the size of Waterloo Place, in front of the company's warehouse, is the only space for exercise. For five or six days a stranger may find considerable amusement in visiting the shops, and witnessing the process of cutting ivory and tortoise-shell. The principal lounge, however, is among the artists in oil and in water-colours. Many of them procure prints from Europe, and you may see here the portraits of celebrated British beauties and popular actresses, of which they multiply copies. Some of them understand and practise the rules of perspective perfectly, but this is only in working for the 'Europe market.' Such performances would excite nothing but laughter among their own countrymen, who represent the different degrees of distance merely by piling the objects upon the top of each other, just as appears in the designs of the common earthenware†. They excel most in the minute finish of individual objects, particularly of birds and butterflies. Their colours are remarkable for clearness and brilliancy, and they are said to owe this to the laborious trituration and careful composition of their materials : every artist being his own colour mixer. They are very much employed by their countrymen in executing drawings of a nature which would entail a heavy fine upon any person who attempted to smuggle them into England. One fellow

* Sir George Staunton says, 'On the altar of a Chinese temple, behind a screen, is frequently seen a representation, which might answer for that of the Virgin Mary, in the person of Shin Moo, or the Sacred Mother, sitting in an alcove, with a child in her arms, with a glory round her head, and tapers burning constantly before her.' A similar representation appears in Moor's Hindoo Pantheon. In the first volume of the Asiatic Register is an essay by Sir W. Jones on the gods of Greece, India, and Italy, in which the identity of the deities worshipped in those distant countries is demonstrated with singular skill and precision.

† The remarks made by the Chinese on European engravings used to call to mind a scene in a French comedy. A lady is finding fault with her own portrait ; 'Tenez,' says she, 'regardez, est ce que j'ai le dessous du nez barbu comme cela ?' 'He, madame,' interrupts the artist, 'c'est l'ombre.' 'Oui ; on dit toujours l'ombre, l'ombre ; moi, je ne vois point d'ombre !'

was detected in copying the plates of a French work, the name of which I dare not write down.

A tea-plantation is an object of early and natural curiosity, but of these very few are to be seen in the neighbourhood of Canton, and these inconsiderable. The plant itself is low; about the size and of the appearance of a myrtle bush in the country. The sight conveys the same kind of disappointment that is generally felt by a cockney on first seeing a vineyard in France. Once a fortnight, strangers are permitted to go two or three miles up the river, to visit a garden called (if my memory does not betray me,) Fatee. As this is the principal 'lion,' every body, it may be supposed, goes once; but I never could find any one who could be prevailed upon to repeat his visit. Some shingly walks, lined with flower-pots and shrubs, or dwarfed orange trees in tubs; and *relieved* in the background by painted wooden boxes, are all that is to be seen. I heard an honest sailor observe, that it was 'nothing at all to the Monster Tea Gardens at Chelsea.'

After a few days promenading has taken off the zest of novelty, Canton becomes a very irksome residence, and the resources are almost as limited as those on board ship. The ordinary is consequently well attended, and there is often both hard drinking and deep play. The Chinese, who come down from the interior, during what is called the Season, occasionally express a desire to see the *white devils* collected at table. A small party of these natives happened once to enter the room just as tiffin (luncheon) had been served. Some twenty gentlemen were ranged about a table, at the head of which sat a jolly purser, to whom that place was habitually conceded. Before him stood a capacious dish of beef-steaks, which he was busily dividing previous to distribution. One of the visitors, imagining that the purser had secured Benjamin's mess for his own portion, eyed him with that sort of look which one bestows on the inhabitants of a menagerie at feeding time, and turning to a native servant, gravely asked, 'how many cattie* will he eat in the day?' In the immediate neighbourhood of the ordinary is, or at least was, a small sale-room, a sort of duodecimo bazaar, affording relief to many an unsuccessful adversary of old time. Among its other attractions, at the time here alluded to, were some caricature street scenes, and some showy views of London. Several Chinese of the lower order, having crept in to satisfy their excited curiosity, were soon followed by others, till the room was crammed with a long-tailed, grinning, monkey-like crowd. A boy, who had just then the sole charge of the shop, made several ineffectual attempts to clear it. At length the lad paused, as if in despair; and having suffered the crowd to re-occupy their attention with the 'Europe pictures,' he walked quietly to their rear, and collecting into his hand the ends of as many pigtails as he could grasp, hauled upon a dozen of them at once.

The cool impudence with which the shopkeepers intrude into every place is an inde-

* A cattie is twelve pounds.

scribable annoyance. 'Well, my friend!' is the salutation with which these fellows enter your room, where, sitting down and fanning themselves, they begin to catechise you on the subject of your *trade*. A friend of mine happened once to be lying down on his bed, much oppressed with the heat, when one of these gentry, throwing open the door of his room, walked straight to the bed, and tucking up his petticoat*, sat down on the very pillow with the brief inquiry, 'What sell 'um?' Of course he was not long in descending the stairs. This intrusive disposition is not to be attributed solely to keenness in securing a customer, but seems to arise from a thorough contempt for all nations but their own, which is said to pervade all classes of the Chinese, and even to be principally conspicuous among the wealthier. To cite one example out of twenty, an English ship, just arrived at Whampoa, was awaiting the customary visit of a mandarin who takes the admeasurement, by which the custom dues are estimated. The commander of this vessel, a gentleman of informed mind and liberal manners, was desirous of showing to the mandarin the same degree of courtesy which he would have considered due to a British nobleman from any foreigner visiting our country. He therefore dressed himself in full uniform, and stood ready to pay his respects as soon as the mandarin should make his appearance. The latter, on stepping on deck, was received by the officer in question bare-headed; but the haughty Chinaman, without noticing this civility, threw back his head as if he meant to make a sun-dial of his nose, brushed forward with rustling robes to the quarter-deck (where a table, &c. was placed for his accommodation), and called in an imperious manner to his attendants to proceed to business. The Englishman, having quietly followed, took a chair opposite to the mandarin, called for his white jacket and straw hat, placed a cigar in the corner of his mouth, reposed the calves of his legs on the table (more Indico), and in this attitude commenced a conversation, (or, to speak more accurately, a monologue), in a style of familiar raillery most discomfiting to the dignity of him of the crystal button, whose veins, swelling like whipecord on his forehead, betrayed the rage to which he durst not give vent; I say durst not, because the insolence of these people is reputed to be only exceeded by their cowardice. Every description of China represents the inhabitants as the most unwarlike of all known nations; and nobody who has visited their country can have failed to witness the poltroonery with which they run, even when their numbers are fifty to one, from the effects of the resentment they have wantonly provoked. Two officers of a company's ship were going down the river in a six-oared cutter, when a mandarin's boat, with twenty-four oars, dashed out of a creek, and ran towards the former as if with the intention of cutting it in two. The Englishmen avoided the shock, and one of them in

* In summer, the lower garment is a vest that descends to the ankles; it laps round from the left side, and is fastened on the right with five or six buttons. In winter, pantaloons are worn sometimes with, sometimes without the petticoat.

a loud voice accosted the aggressors with the customary question, 'What wantjee?' 'What wantjee?' re-echoed the indignant Chinaman; 'What man you?' 'Oh!' returned the Englishman, displaying as if casually the point of a drawn sword; 'pose* you come more near, then I shew you what man I.' 'Hy yaw!' interjected the other; 'only wantjee makee race'um:' and so saying he sneered off.

Those who are conscious of a want of courage usually supply the defect by a proportionable reinforcement of artifice. By the help of this latter quality, the Chinese are the most dexterous, and if they are not wronged, the most adventurous thieves in the world. An individual was pointed out at Canton, who was said to have been not only robbed of his money and moveables, but stripped of his very shirt as he lay snoring. The following mode of entering a house during the night, and of securing a retreat at the same time, is said to be practised by them. A hole is made in the outer wall, through which the thieves introduce themselves, leaving a small lantern at the mouth of the breach. All the chairs that can be collected are next arranged cautiously, like chevaux de frise, round the beds, and then the work of plunder is commenced with all possible silence and expedition. If any interruption occurs, the thieves run along on all fours towards the beacon lantern, and escape through the hole. There is a tradition that this stratagem was once defeated. A stranger, whose house had been entered in the manner described, accidentally awoke in the beginning of the operations; he watched in silence the completion of the line of circumvallation round his bed, and allowed the rogues to disperse themselves, in search of booty, in the adjoining chambers. He then sipped out of bed, and having removed the lantern to the opposite side of the room, suddenly commenced a loud alarm. *Sauve qui peut* was the word among the affrighted housebreakers, who rushing headlong in the direction indicated by the light, precipitated themselves like battering rams against the solid wall, and were easily secured before they could recover from the stunning effects of this undesigned assault.

It is to be hoped that a string of not very coherent recollections will not be mistaken for an attempt at general description of the country or its inhabitants. Those who have resided among the Chinese and acquired a knowledge of their character, concur in praising their industry, ingenuity, and cheerful disposition. The cunning, insolence, and dishonesty which are too often displayed, are the natural effect of the bigotted despotism by which they are governed. Nor must it be forgotten that the people of Canton are said to be very far inferior to the rest of their countrymen, by whom they are regarded as a class contaminated by European intercourse. Nay, even in Canton itself, the traders with whom Europeans communicate are by no means of the first rank in society. It may be added in conclusion, that by many persons who have had an opportunity of

* I. e. suppose.

making themselves acquainted with the subject, the publications of Sir George Staunton and others of our countrymen* are condemned, as full of highly-coloured descriptions and statements drawn from suspicious sources. The work which they recommend as a text-book is De Guigne's Account of Van Braam's Embassy. Of this book there is an English translation in three vols. 8vo. The following brief sentence shows the French author's ideas of Chinese character: 'I have lived a long time (seventeen years) in China; I have traversed this vast empire in its whole length; I have every where seen the strong oppressing the weak, and every man invested with a portion of authority, making use of it to harass, molest, and crush the people.'

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS AND ARTS.

NO. III.—THE ARTISTS' CONVERSAZIONE. Now we wandered from group to group, and caught opinions rich and rare. Here phrenology was on the tapis, or rather driven in the corner, and the urbane professor mildly smiling, responded to a dozen querists, speaking all at once, whilst twenty more were pressing forward to expose their craniums to his sagacious touch. So closely wedged were these, that verily three noddles appeared to belong to one pair of shoulders. One wished the president with his fine forehead had been there, another named the cranium of Hilton, but speculation midst the imaginative crew, supplied the place of these and other academic skulls, and to each was accorded his appropriate organ. To Sir Thomas Lawrence, grace, to Jackson, colour, and to Phillips, character. To Turner was awarded the organ of ideality, to Calcott that of locality, and we would proceed, but the crowd encreasing, and the thermometer rising to ninety, we were obliged to retire to another apartment, where the arguments and atmosphere were somewhat more temperate and cool.

'What a race is running with our young masters against the old masters,' said another connoisseur, 'Have you seen the Frost-piece by Collins?' 'Sir, it may compete with Adrian Vandervelde. It is so unaffected, and yet so effective—it is painted with that sterling truth which commands alike the attention of the skilled in connoisseurship, and the unlearned in art. Such a cabinet picture as this tends to create a general desire in every man of wealth to become a collector. I am informed, sir, that this admirable piece was painted for Mr. Peel; if so, the commission does credit to the taste of that distinguished gentleman.' 'Yes, sir,' responded another of the group, 'and I was gratified on being informed by a gentleman present at the Royal Academy dinner, that Mr. Peel at the private view, also purchased that admired interior, wherein a daring urchin is firing a cannon, painted by Mulready.' 'I congratulate Mr. Peel then,' said the connoisseur, 'on possessing two of the best cabinet pieces of the British school—sir, either of these were a nucleus for a collection worthy of being covered with golden coin.'

* When these notes were written, the accounts of Lord Amherst's embassy had not been made public.

'Pray, did you notice a landscape by another artist, who has lately made a vast stride in that delightful department of study—I forget his name, but it is an upright piece, and occupies a corner space opposite the entrance of the school of painting?' 'O—you allude to that upright piece *Passing the Brook*, by John Chalon, the brother of the R. A.' 'I do, sir—is it not a masterly hit?' 'It is, sir. I have always seen great promise in his works, I have moreover watched his progress of late. His picture of the Market of St. Innocent's, at Paris, was a step beyond his former productions—this sir, to use the old charter-house phrase, is a hop-step and jump towards the temple of Fame—three advances by the same impulse. Sir, I admire the bold hand, the fearless execution of the leafage, the whole is a successful effort of his art. He has now established his fame as one of the *masters*. Indeed, sir, this is very gratifying, we have now talent so diversified, that a collection may be formed of the productions of our own school, and of coexistent labour, which will display as much variety perhaps as that of his majesty's gallery, now about to re-open at Pall-mall.'

'Doubtless,' added another of the group. 'There are two pieces, one by Newton, the Prince of Spain's visit to Catalina, from Gil Blas, which vies in original humour with Jan Stein, and super-adds that romantic, chivalric grace which was beyond the reach of this highly talented Mynheer, than whom, no one admires him more than myself.'

'Then, as to the other—what a picture is that by Leslie! Lady Jane Grey prevailed upon to accept the crown. Sir, these are new features in art. Such courtly splendour, such an elegant personification of an historical fact. What a superb arrangement of the light and shadow. Pictures like these were furniture for a palace.'

'I regret that we have no more of these fine specimens,' observed a veteran artist. 'There are several of our rising painters, who surely cannot plead the want of encouragement, as a stimulus to exertion. Their works are sought by the great—they obtain munificent rewards for their labours, and as for fame—they are exalted by the approving acclamation of their own fraternity—by the whole body of the arts. Yet do we find, from year to year, in referring to our annual catalogue, by Newton, one; by Leslie, Mulready, by Collins, each one, sometimes with the addition of a study, making at most the aggregate amount to three, in two years. Why, old Jan Stein and young Teniers, Van Ostade, and twenty other Vans, Vandyck Van, and Vanderheyden, inclusive, who did not neglect their drawing or their finishing, must have sent to their annual fairs, at least on the ratio of one in a month; the idlest of these were fast-going *Vans*, or we should not behold in every collection some glorious memorial of their industry.' 'Hear! hear!' The facetious old gentleman excited loud peals of approving risibility. We hope this record will meet Messires, these clever juntas' eyes.

We have inwardly smiled, whilst since sitting by our lamp, at this lively veteran's

remark, and many more trite observations that escaped him in his merry mood. But we will spare these modest wights the blush, and gravely substitute our own. These diligent old Vans went steadily along the road to fame. Nor loitered at the cabarets, which Van Ostade so ably sketched, skirting the deeply rutted roads that led from one painter's town to another. Jan Stein and Van Ostade kept it up at village fetes; and the social board, on high days and holidays, was spread at home. The piper, and the other rural minstrelsy promoted their neighbourly harmony—but, the fete ended, they were again busied in the atelier. Fortunately for these, there were no tavern banquets, no music galleries where the loud trumpet brayed forth the toast, when painters gulp their draughts of Rhenish down. Peter Pindar admonished on these improper doings, 'Painters and poets never should be fat.' Feasting and festivity may be left to fellows of the universities, lawn sleeves at convocations, lawyers at assizes, and to princes, peers, and legislators at their cabinet dinners; but the painters of cabinet pictures should dine at home.

'Turner and Calcott have been unusually diligent this year,' continued the veteran artist. 'Turner was never much addicted to tavern going, and his highly talented, though no less temperate compeer, has lately become a Benedict, and, as I learn, is associating with his art, the converse of an elegant minded partner of the fire-side.' 'Sir,' said the facetious gray-beard, who nevertheless is a bachelor, 'he will study the more under this new influence, and henceforth you will behold two fine works, like these of the present exhibition, for one that he has sent heretofore. Turner's *Marine-piece*, is light and motion. Calcott's is equally sea and air. Two such worthies were enough to raise the reputation of this department to coequal excellence with any school; but we are becoming, and shall be hereafter designated, the memorable school of marine painters. Collins only leads us to inhale the refreshing morning or evening breeze upon the shore. These, with Daniel, Stanfield, and Wilson, press us landsmen on board, and try our nerves upon the turbulent wave.'

'But, your water-colour professors are launching their talent on the deep too,' said the connoisseur. 'What a bold style is Prout's, sir. He gives you the mighty magnitude of the vast bark, and carries your imagination to the far-off horizon, where the frowning cloud and the angry wave, meeting in consultation, plan, to the mariners dismay, the approaching storm. Then there are Fielding's barks, undulating on the swelling wave, spreading their 'white sails to the beams of the morning,' or the close reefed ship of war labouring impatient to break away from her cable, to bear her proud pennant to every distant shore. Who, like him, has more congenially spread the hazy sky, reflected deeper in the gray expanse, that, surrounding our isle, renders her white cliffs bright as the star of eve upon the twilight?'

'Your water-colour professors have certainly wrought wonders in their peculiar art,' said the French gentleman, whom we have

mentioned before, and who now, again, presented his gold snuff-box to the group. 'Wonders indeed! my compatriots and myself made a visit to their exhibition.' 'Can these bold pictures be the efforts of transparent water-colours?' exclaimed one. 'Impossible!' answered another. 'They have the stability of some more potent *matériel*. There is a long picture, by Varley, of a scene in Ireland, which in my former days I often visited, which led my memory back to the very spot. I had often viewed it from the station whereon the painter must have stood. How vast the distance—how bright the atmosphere, I expected to see the birds fleet before me. The scene, by confining my eye to the focus of my hand, appeared nothing short of illusion. There is a little cottage scene by this artist, which is a graphic gem. I am entirely of the opinion of my respected friend, de Loutherbourg, who held, that the atmosphere of these regions, made such poets as Ossian, and such painters as Turner and Girtin. Now, your country can muster a host of native artists, comparable with these.'

Now the encomiums were long and loud. Nothing is more grateful to English pride, than to listen to the approving voice of a foreign connoisseur, touching the renown of our own arts. The whole catalogue of names was now run through, and each absent artist had a present friend and eulogist. Cox was censured for not having contributed his strength and freshness to this spring's growth. Though all admitted he had some sweet bits of native pastoral. Havell's return was kindly hailed, after his ten years' absence, ten thousand miles off in the eastern region of our globe. 'His contributions are clear and sparkling,' said one. 'Vigorous and natural,' added another, 'the fountain of his genius I feared would have dried up on the sands of Hindostan.' The merit of Prout's gorgeous Topography of Italy was canvassed, and it was decided that he has contributed his share of glory to the school. Nash, too, in the same department, divided his share of honour. His Westminster Abbey, with the funeral procession, was voted a master-piece, intense in colour, and richly imaginative in effect. There is a material error in the light of the subject, not pictorial however, but historical, for it is catalogued, 'Westminster Abbey, the ceremony of the interment of Queen Elizabeth'—(not by torch-light.) 'Wild, more *recherché* in these matters,' said the ancient artist, 'would not have committed the mistake. 'These things however,' said the polite foreigner, 'are only slight aberrations of genius. Rubens has introduced an old man in spectacles, in the presence of the Saviour of mankind; and Elshimeer has represented the sleeping Roman soldiers, who were to guard St. Peter in prison, surrounded with muskets and pistols, and some scattered packs of cards. Ma foi!' continued he, with a smile, 'had it struck the learned Dutchman, he would have thrown into the composition, a copy of "*Hoyle upon Whist*," had it been merely *secundem artem*, to add another touch of white!' Nash's Interior of St. George's Chapel was equally admired, and as deservedly praised. It is certainly a very su-

perior and successful specimen of modern topography. He is a splendid colourist. Mackenzie's chaste and elegant style was the theme of admiration; and Pugin, one of our most ingenious and oldest friends, had his allotment of praise. This gentleman, who is a native of Paris, justly shares in the honours of the British school, for the arts are all of one family. Indeed, the amateurs and professors of architecture owe much to his researches among the finest ancient structures of the island.

FINE ARTS.

MODEL ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE. In this classic cave, light and dust permitting, the connoisseur may, by the help of his catalogue and glass, discover some sculptural excellencies, which may prove that this lofty study is making co-eval progress with the other attainments of the British school.

We were not unmindful of the honours bestowed on Canova by the great, during his short sojourn here. Nor have we forgotten the commissions which were pressed upon that popular sculptor by many noblemen, which he so delicately and so nobly declined; but we wish we could forget that the figure of *Eve*, a work in marble by our countryman Baily, of surpassing excellence, remained in his own study, not unseen, but unregarded by those very patrons of art, who, thus desirous of rewarding foreign merit, were insensible to that which is of native growth. We know that there is not, nor ought there to be, any feeling of consanguinity in art. The true connoisseur will adopt genius of every region; but when the talent of our own school has equalled that of any other, it were surely something worse than bad taste to bestow the prize of merit on the disciples of a foreign school.

The *Eve* of Baily is a personification of her—the *Eve* of Milton. What a reflection it would be upon the present age, should posterity have to say, with reference to sculpture, that which must stigmatize eternally the worthless age of Charles, with regard to a sister art,—the mighty epic poet wrote beyond the comprehension of his time!

No. 1104. E. H. Baily, R. A.—A beautiful group, from Campbell's poem, the *Pleasures of Hope*—

'Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy.' This the sculptor designates a sketch. It is to be executed in marble. We have seen nothing designed in a finer gusto. It is beautiful in every view, a characteristic not always within the power of the most able modeller to command. There are many fine works in sculpture, which display an agreeable contour only within a circumscribed view.

No. 1091. E. H. Baily, R. A.—A figure of Piety, part of a monument to be erected in the cathedral at Bristol; a statue designed with classic simplicity, and deeply expressive of holy resignation.

No. 11. F. Chantrey, R. A.—Statue of the late Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. For portraiture, this artist has long been celebrated; his busts are stamped with the identity of nature. We congratulate the British school of sculpture

on the appearance of these higher studies. There is a philosophic dignity in this statue, which is superior to all the heroics of the *beau ideal*, which, indeed, are as intolerable in marble as in paint. Nature, alone, provides the sterling model for art. It is in the choice and application of what she supplies, that consists all excellence. Phidias, from all we learn, and from the wreck of his great works, from what we see, presumed not to alter the prototypes she set before him. From these, the perceptions of his own genius taught him what to select. His works are nature, cast in her choicest mould. They are adorned only with their natural grace.

We admire the draperies of this, and the companion statue in this exhibition, No. 1126, that which will perpetuate the memory of the late Stephen Babington, Esq., to be erected at Bombay. They are cast in the same sterling gusto, with the figures—are broad, skilfully disposed, and may be accepted as exemplars of simplicity—an important requisite of sculpture, that with all our reverence for the genius of antiquity, we must declare, is often violated in the affected draperies of Greek artists. We neglected to make a co-equal observation on the drapery of Mr. Baily's female figure, from the *Pleasures of Hope*. It is modelled with that simplicity which becomes the sober gusto of the British school. We cannot but regret, that this fine statue, by Mr. Chantrey, should be exposed to the risque of a voyage across the mighty deep. Indeed, we had rather it were not destined even for Bombay, where these things are generally little regarded, and less understood. Old Neptune, however, whom even the poets have not dubbed a connoisseur, may, perchance, take a liking to the glorious work, and he, like many another collector, is already too rich, in the spoils of art.

Mr. Behnes has conquered a difficulty in his noble pair, Lord and Lady Southampton. The union of two busts is not commonly effective, for, like *vignettes*, the outline is difficult to preserve, in good keeping. The group cannot, however, to speak in the professional phrase, be said to be out of harmony, for connubial fondness is herein expressed, with a mutual sentiment. Each head is good; the lady's is very beautiful.

We dismiss this interesting subject for the present week, with a parting question to the forty. Can it surprise your worships, that so little public attention is excited on the subject of sculpture, when such works as these are thus thrust into the holes and corners of our great national academy?—Are sculptors made of stone?

ARCHITECTURAL SUBJECTS; EXHIBITION, SOMERSET HOUSE.

(Continued from p. 317.)

THERE is—we were going to say, at the conclusion of our article last week, an elevation of a chapel, by Mr. J. P. Gandy, now erecting in North Audley Street, (a drawing of which is in the present Exhibition,) which, for extreme chastity of style, yet richness of detail, is a design of extraordinary merit. The order is a far more decorated specimen of the Græcan Ionic, than that at St. Pancras'

Church, both as to the capitals of the columns and the cornice. In most examples of this elegant order, the latter member is not sufficiently rich to harmonize with the columns, particularly when these are fluted: in this instance, however, it may be said to be profusely decorated, yet with such delicacy of taste as to avoid heaviness. The belfry, above the portico, is singularly beautiful; and although a feature for which the architect could find no precedent in any Grecian structure, perfectly in character with the rest of his design. This chapel presents a very remarkable contrast to its neighbour in South Audley Street, which is as conspicuously singular for its deformity as this is for its beauty; nor would it, perhaps, be easy to cite a more striking proof of the present improved and improving taste in architecture, than these two structures. What, too, is a very rare merit in even our best buildings, we here find none of those blemishes that detract so much from positive beauty, and sometimes even neutralize its effect;—instances of which it would not be difficult to point out. Here is nothing to mar our gratification—nothing that strikes the eye as unfinished, or as being inferior in elegance to the principal features. In this respect, Mr. Wilkins's designs for the buildings of the London University, deserve equal commendation, which, considering the extent and magnitude of the edifice, is a circumstance as surprising as it is gratifying. Whether, however, it will be completed exactly according to the drawings, may admit of some doubt, for they exhibit a degree of architectural splendour and pomp that few palaces in Europe can rival. A screen of the Doric order, of the height of the basement, separates the court from the street: in the centre of this is an open portal, or propylaeum, with six columns in front, through which is seen the magnificent portico of the building. A flight of steps divided below into two, by a podium, ornamented with a continued bas-relief, leads up to the portico, which has ten columns in front, of the Corinthian order: the tympanum of the pediment is ornamented with sculpture. Above rises a noble dome, of particularly elegant contour and design. We take upon us to affirm that it is not easy to produce from any work of modern architecture, a feature of such superlative grandeur, so classical in its design, so truly august in its character, so rich in its combinations, so splendid in its embellishments, so harmonious in all its parts. The only thing that can, in these respects, compete with it,—at least as far as we know, is the portico of the new theatre at Berlin. One circumstance that contributes very materially to the grandeur of style observable in the portico of the London University, is, that there are no windows within it, or any thing else to break the repose of the background, so essential to breadth of effect, and to display the columns in all their beauty. One very lofty and majestic door constitutes the sole feature within the portico itself. The rest of the elevation is lower than the portico, which thus gains considerably, both in importance and in dignity of appearance; the buildings extending from the centre, and

likewise forming the wings, are decorated with antæ, between which is one series of windows. Each wing, both at its extremity towards the street, and in its centre towards the court, has four Ionic columns, surmounted by a pediment; and has likewise a dome of lesser dimensions, but the same design as that which has already been mentioned. These latter features serve not only to enrich the composition, but to keep up the character throughout.

Mr. Poynter's design for the chapel and alms-houses, St. Katherine's Hospital, now erecting in Regent's Park, is a very pleasing and appropriate adaptation of the pointed and later old English style; it could be wished, however, that in the building itself, the character of the architecture had been preserved throughout, whereas in the wings it is confined merely to the front towards the road, and the sides to the court; but this circumstance is not so much to be imputed to the architect as to his employers. Two elevations, by Mr. Papworth, for a palace for the King of Würtemberg, now building at Cannstadt, of which the artist exhibited some drawings three or four years ago, display great originality and picturesque effect, with much elegance and richness of detail, and a very powerful effect of light and shade.—The entrance portico at Broome Hall, the seat of the Earl of Elgin, is not only remarkable for the chastity and elegance of its architecture, but for its happy contrivance, and for the combination, which we here find, of classical embellishment, and that air of luxurious comfort which characterizes it. It too often happens that convenience is sacrificed to display, not from any impossibility in combining them, but for want of skill in the architect. In the present instance, we have an example, that they may be made to assist each other mutually.

Mr. Robertson's model for the new front to Worcester College, Oxford, consisting principally of a large portico, of six Corinthian columns in front, thirty-eight feet high, opening into, and forming, as it were, a continuation of a peristyle round an inner court, is another admirable example of novel application, and of convenience combined with picturesque feeling and effect.

There are many other subjects which appear promising, but as they are hung at such a distance from the eye, that it is absolutely impossible to say what they really are, we forbear to speak of them. Among these is an interior of St. Mark's, at Venice, which we regret much to find so placed. On the contrary, there are one or two drawings, which certainly did not deserve to be admitted at all, particularly one termed a design for a terrace now building, which is absolutely nothing more than a brick-wall, with sashes and doors, and a tablet above it, on which is inscribed, conspicuously enough, the word terrace:—the thing is altogether a mere piece of bricklayer's work, and wherefore any representation of it was suffered to be hung up here, is more than we can divine. When will the academy think fit to exclude absolute trash from their crammed and over-filled walls?

EXHIBITION: EGYPTIAN GALLERY, WELBECK STREET.

As a record of the royal visit to Ireland in the autumn of 1821, this picture of his Majesty's Embarkation at Kingstown, is highly interesting, although it certainly does not belong to that class of paintings usually termed historical, but which might with greater propriety be designated as poetical, they being merely fictitious and arbitrary compositions, which the artist treats according to his own conceptions of the scene. It has been justly observed that portraits are, after all, our only true and authentic historical pieces, and, in this respect, Mr. Thompson's picture possesses no common claims to public attention, as containing the likenesses of about eighty distinguished individuals who were present on the occasion. Among these, the Marquis of Anglesea, on his favourite Arabian, forms a very prominent figure. When we consider the peculiar difficulties the artist had to contend with,—that he had to represent the scene as it actually occurred, without being permitted to avail himself of any of those licenses so essential to picturesque effect; and that the subject itself is by no means so well adapted to the pencil as could be desired, it being impossible to obtain any considerable mass of shadow; we think that Mr. Thompson must be allowed to have displayed considerable ability and talent. As a picture, however, we give a decided preference to his portrait of the Duke of York, which, at the present moment, when the loss of that excellent prince and amiable man has excited such genuine and universal regret, cannot be viewed without extreme interest. This is the last portrait for which his royal highness sat, having been taken but a very short time before that illness which terminated so fatally. Although it differs so much from every preceding likeness, we have no doubt as to its fidelity; or rather this circumstance vouches for the truth of the artist's pencil. Both the face and person are much thinner than in any other portrait, and show the great alteration that must have taken place in his royal highness. The duke is represented in his robes of the Garter; and in his arrangement of the drapery and treatment of other parts of this splendid costume, the artist has been eminently successful; nor should we hesitate to say that this production entitles Mr. Thompson to very high rank indeed as a portrait-painter. Strange, however, to relate, this admirable portrait has been actually rejected this year at Somerset House, on the plea that no place suitable to the rank and character it represents could be spared! With the cabals, jealousies, and manœuvrings that influence the *place-men* of the Royal Academy we do not pretend to be acquainted, but when we see what are the majority of the pictures admitted into the great room, and find a portrait like this excluded, we cannot help forming inferences not very favourable either to the liberality or justice of that body, nor help suspecting that had Mr. Thompson's picture displayed less talent, it might have been admitted;—we will at least give the academicians some credit for prudence, even the best pictures do

not look the worse for being contrasted with bad ones. It is to be hoped that an engraving will be made from this portrait; for we are sure it would be a very popular print, and one that would remunerate any publisher.

ENGRAVINGS.

It has been our grateful task to make inquiries upon the local state of calcography of late, and the result is such as we had not only hoped, but anticipated. The reverses experienced within the last eighteen months, by certain great concerns, which had given a new impulse to the trade in prints, threw a sudden gloom over the cheering prospects of our engravers. Indeed, we could name instances, wherein splendidly projected schemes of topographical works, which would have done honour to the press, were suspended—and have been since entirely abandoned. Minor works, too, then in progress, which employed both the painter and engraver, have ceased. We, however, felt confident, that the inconvenience thus produced would be but temporary, as it effected the arts. New channels of employment have been opened, and the designer and the engraver are again sedulously occupied. The energies of the publishers partake largely of the commercial spirit of the age; credit is fast restoring, and the generally spreading taste and love for every branch of the fine arts, is creating an extent of patronage, almost proportionate to the advancing claims of genius. Thus all things conspire to brighten the artist's future hope.

Mr. Ackermann's elegant new year's gift, the *Forget Me Not*, has produced a number of other annual offerings at the shrine of Friendship. The influx of these rival publications has not deteriorated the sale of his original work. The *Forget Me Not* is not forgotten. The success of the last has been augmented by the sale of thousands more than any of the preceding volumes. We have been favoured with a sight of several proof engravings for the volume of the ensuing year, and though we are not at liberty to announce the subjects, we may venture to say, that for variety and tasteful composition, they hold a decided superiority over those of any former number. These favourite periodicals alone have opened a prolific source of employment to a considerable number of our most esteemed painters for the display of their imaginative powers, and to our no less eminent engravers, for the exercise of their imitative art. Nothing has yet equalled in beauty the small graphic illustrations that have of late emanated from the British press.

PRINTING IN GOLD.

MESSRS. CHRIST and Co., from Germany, have obtained a royal patent for a new and elegant discovery, by which impressions may be taken from line engravings, with a preparation which renders the print in gold. They have opened a manufactory in the Strand. We have seen a series of impressions from thirty spirited etchings views of Rome and its immediate vicinity, by the hand of the ingenious and eccentric artist *Peronet*, so well known to the amateurs who visit that

renowned city. These are upon the eve of publication, by Mr. W. Cooke, at his repertorium for choice engravings. They are to be numbered among the most elegant graphic novelties of the day, and are printed on a composition that vies in texture and purity of whiteness with the most beautiful French porcelain. These prints in gold may be appropriated by ladies to numerous ornamental purposes, as chimney ornaments, decorations for cabinets, screens, &c., and may afford a rich display of subjects for albums.

THE DRAMA.

NEW PLAYS.

We have to regret the failure, if failure it can be called, of the author of *High-Ways and By-Ways*, as a dramatist; but if an author had ever real cause of complaint, or the public were ever called on to make a distinction between a play and the representation of one, it is in the case of Mr. Grattan. We are not giving it as our judgment, that *Ben Nazir* is likely to add much to the reputation of its already respected author; but we must seriously protest against its condemnation, and even against the criticisms passed upon it, till a fairer opportunity is given of judging of its merits, which the author will, no doubt, shortly afford us.

COVENT GARDEN.—There can be little doubt of the intrinsic merit of a piece, when it succeeds, in spite of its contradiction to our preconceived notions of dramatic story. That love should wed with reason, or that the passion of two young ardent lovers should yield to the sober plot and arguments of their prudent advisers, is less extraordinary, perhaps, than people imagine; but we certainly should not have conceived the representation of such a story likely to have a triumphing effect on an audience, at least an English one. *Bertrand et Susette, ou Le Mariage de Raison*, however, has been for some time popular on the French stage, and the reception of the English version of it, last Tuesday, promises it an equal popularity on our own. We forbear filling our pages with the plot of this drama, as one of our numbers for January last contains a very full account of it. The translation is particularly literal, and it is, therefore, to the original author we are indebted for this pleasing addition to our acting plays.

ROYAL WEST LONDON THEATRE.—*Soirées Françaises*.—Yesterday evening, Laporte made his last appearance at this theatre, in the parts of Brillant, in the *Mariage du Capucin*, and Desaccord, in *Matrimonio Manie*. This facetious actor, who may be considered more *bouffon* than comic, has attracted equal applause both at the English and French theatres; he is now engaged at the Haymarket, and the celebrated French tragic actress, Melle. Georges, is about to appear in Tottenham Street. She will make her debut on Wednesday next, in the part of *Mérope*. We who have seen Melle. Georges in this character, in one of Voltaire's finest tragedies, and who have also seen her perform *Agripine*, *Rodogune*, *Médée*, and *Semiramis*, we

can announce that she will astonish her audience by the purity of her diction, her majestic air, and the excellence of her play, whether speaking or not. In figure and carriage she resembles the admirable Mrs. Siddons, and in France she enjoys a reputation at least equal to that so deservedly acquired by the English Melpomene. Several tragic actors have also arrived from Paris, with Melle. Georges, to reinforce the company of *Messrs. Cloup and Pelissié*, the present members of which, though well qualified to play vaudevilles, would be quite insupportable in tragedy, for a fine voice and some intelligence are certainly not the only requisites for a Neron or an Egysthe, a Merope or an Iphigénie. In all the Tottenham Street party, we can discern but one actress, and two or three actors capable of declaiming in alexandrine verses, or who would not caricature the verses of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. The rest are well able to amuse the public, if they will restrict themselves to the pretty vaudevilles of Scribe and Desaugiers.

At the sale of the Duke of York's books, at Mr. Sotheby's, the Parliamentary Public Records, printed by command of George III., were sold for £18.—The Journal of the Lords, from 1509 to 1820 inclusive, 53 vols.; Journal of the House of Commons, from 1547 to 1826, 81 vols.; Reports of the House of Commons, from 1715 to 1801, with index, 16 vols.; Rolls of Parliament, from 1278 to 1553, 6 vols.; General Indexes to the House of Commons, by Cunningham and others, from vol. 1 to vol. 5, 6 vols., 1785; Calendar to the Lords' Journals, from 1509 to 1808, 1 vol.; Index to the House of Lords, from vol. 20 to 35, 1 vol.; Index from vol. 1 to 40, 2 vols.; together 168 vols., uniformly half bound, were sold for £42.

Effects of Embalming.—Monsieur Emar de Chates, Commandeur de l'Ordre de Malthe, Lieutenant du roi, Garde des Cotes de Caux, et Gouverneur de la Ville de Dieppe, died 13th of May, 1603. The remains of this distinguished person were disinterred the 4th of May, 1827, as fresh as if the body had been just buried. It was removed from the ancient Church des Minimes, where it had been originally buried, for re-interment in the Church of St. Remi de Dieppe, where it was placed in the vault of the late Marquess de Montigni.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall have great pleasure in communicating with ∇ in the course of the week.

will find his communication at our office. We sincerely advise him to rest no hopes on his present plan. We have fifty such applications in a week.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Day of the Month. | Thermometer. | | | | Barom. | State of the Weather. |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|----------------------|--------------------------------|--------|-----------------------------|
| | 8 o'clock Morning. | 1 o'clock Noon. | 11 o'clock Night. | Taken at 1 o'clock Noon. | | |
| May 18 | 58 | 63 | 57 | 29 | 70 | Fair. |
| 19 | 60 | 65 | 51 | .. | 93 | Fair. |
| 20 | 62 | 68 | 52 | .. | 00 | Fair. |
| 21 | 60 | 68 | 52 | .. | 10 | Fair. |
| 22 | 61 | 62 | 54 | .. | 09 | Fair. |
| 23 | 59 | 62 | 53 | .. | 90 | Rain. |
| 24 | 54 | 55 | 50 | .. | 40 | Rain. |

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION: Rambles in Madeira and Portugal in the early Part of 1826; with an Appendix illustrative of the Climate, Produce, and Civil History of the Island.—Views in the Madeiras, executed on stone, by Westall, Nicholson, Villeneuve, Harding, Gauci, &c. from drawings taken on the spot, illustrating the most remarkable Scenes and Objects in the Islands.—Mr. Butler's Questions in Roman History.—A History of the Steam Engine, from its Invention to the present Time, by Mr. Galloway.—The Elements of Euclid, containing the first six and the eleventh and twelfth books, chiefly from the text of Dr. Simson; adapted to Elementary Instruction by the introduction of Symbols. By a Member of the University of Cambridge.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: Shaw's Description of the Chapel, Luton Park House, Part 1, 15s.—Light's Views of Pompeii, Part 1, 10s. 6d.—M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy, 10s. 6d.—Laconics, three vols. 18mo. 15s.—Hyde Nugent, three vols. £1. 8s. 6d.—The Students, or Biography of Grecian Philosophy, 4s. 6d.—Picturesque Tour in the Brazils, 16s.—Protestant Principles, 15s.—Cyril Thornton, three vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.—May-Fair, foolscap, 8s.—The Age Reviewed, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Cuvier's Kingdom of Mammalia, five vols. £14. 8s.—Sunday Evening Sermons on the Commandments, 4s. 6d.—Sir Jonah Barrington's Own Times, two vols. £1. 8s.—Journal of an Officer in the King's German Legion, 10s. 6d.—Higgins's Celtic Druids, ten plates, £3.—Howard's Illustrations of Shakespeare, Part 2, Macbeth, 12s.—Magie's Hulsen Prize Dissertations, 8vo. 4s.

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